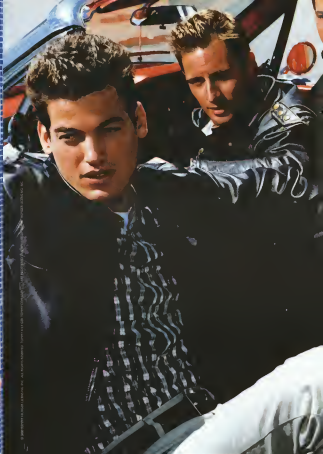


Esquire

DECEMBER 2007

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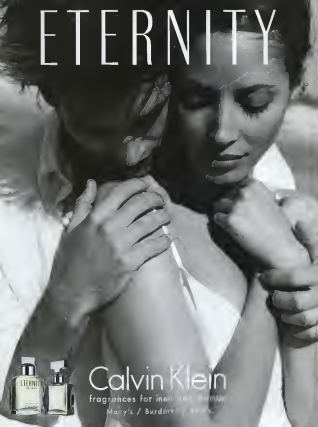
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Esquire



Clinton Clinton
1997 Esquire page 60

104 The Last Will and Testament of William Jefferson Clinton At the elbow of the man who toppled a Clinton, is the first cyber seer. And who in his turn would be haunted by a final tribid question? BY MICHAEL PATRICK

111 The Exit Interview Bill Clinton refers to Reagan as a "superficial, presidential" politician, "beating the back of the Gingrich revolution," and "being constantly judged and condemned and torn apart."

114 What I've Learned Red Auerbach on coaching and overcoaching, underrated luck and the trouble with the NBA. "All these bad players, they all want to play for coaches. That's bullcrap." INTERVIEWED BY CHARLES F. PRICE

120 He Only Comes Out at Night It's got an movie in the works, an album in the works, and a new book who's one of them: for a moment. So what a Billy Bob Thornton to do? Stay up late and talk baseball, fathers, dreamy, make-up, sex with angels, and the case for women's underwear. BY CHRIS VOLL

BY PHOTOMOUNT: MICHAEL PATRICK FOR ESQUIRE; CLINTON: CLINTON FOR ESQUIRE

130 New Women We Love Chinese actress Zhang Zhiyi—the wife of Ang Lee—is a young, sexy, and beautiful. She's right—she's not enough to put up with the catnip.

142 Nine Signs We're Already in a Recession We all know the signs and we're worried. Just thought we'd give you a heads up. BY KEN KATZ

144 Guilty No, but of what? Like many of the Los Angeles colleagues, Wan also has a reputation for being at work, sometimes in the middle of a procedure. But unlike them he was targeted for investigation, thrown in jail, and threatened with execution. The ordeal of a man staged out. BY WILLY WILSON

152 Best New Restaurants 2000 Announcing the twenty-one best new places to dine in America, from a new French in the Southwest to a soaring space under the Fifty-fifth Street Bridge. The defining list of where to go for sublime lamb—against those beautiful Vortices was just fish. Another check-out in Paris, in filled with music and much more. Plus, the rise of the small-town chef, the triumph of women in business, and the worst new restaurants of the year. BY JOHN MARLAIN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANDREW BASTIEN

DECEMBER 2000 ESQUIRE 13

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to know the sign that*

*passes who could point in the right direction
one even remotely accurate. It's a road sign, is like today.*



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The timing plays a role in the success of the business. For example, the success of the **McDonald's** franchise is due to the fact that the company was founded in 1954, a time when the American economy was booming and the middle class was growing. The company's success is also due to the fact that it was founded in a time when the American economy was booming and the middle class was growing.

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SEIKO

I JUST FINISHED READING Michael Phares's story about Bill Clinton. I have this little ritual now, when I arrive at the office in the evening and find, slipped under my door, *Wall Street Journal*. I take his story and my phone and a pencil and I go to the door on the corner, the Applejack. I sit on the back and order coffee and pastries, and I start to read.



Mike always takes me somewhere I don't expect to be taken, and in this story he takes us into the realm of greatness, of possibility and dreams—insiders and faithfuls. He shows us, in his portrait of Bill Clinton, what it is we're going to miss about our president when he leaves us in January, and that is his sin.

Not size is the essential, shocking way in which sometimes joke about him. We're talking about size in the way that FDR was huge, in the way that America, at its best and its worst, is large. The willingness to promise that we are the most important, most influential, most righteous, most beautiful country on the planet.

Bill Clinton is willing to be large. In times of crisis—even those self-imposed crises that frustrated me and everyone I know who believed in him—he walked his way through in the belief that even if he had done or been wrong, he could still make his and our country better. He put himself in the position that government is capable of that we had not heard from a president since Lyndon Johnson. He vanquished the fear who came to power on the promise that they would destroy him. (Whatever did happen to Newt Gingrich?)

You want a sense of his size? Look at the leaders on the international stage. No wonder. We had trouble naming them. Fidel? No? Jiang of China? By comparison, Clinton is a titan, not only the most experienced leader by far, but also the dominant personality. Referring to Bill Clinton as a titan on the world stage, Secretary of State Madeleine Albright told *Newsweek*. "He makes the best of America. The truth is, the world leaders don't understand why he's being treated the way he is. He's an incredibly popular president. They see him as a giant figure."

We don't know what the president will do next—and neither

A Sense of Size

does he—but we're going to make the guy come. January, it may take a while longer to realize just how large a footprint he's left on our nation's history.

I'm thrilled that Peter (with the tireless assistance of executive editor Mark Warren) gained unprecedented access to both the president and his intention for our remarkable profile, which begins on page 104. Bill Clinton, against all odds and despite his own worst suspicions, has become the towering figure of our time, and I'm proud that *Esquire* was lucky the process of telling his measure to a mass.

BUT DON'T STOP with the Clinton story and interview. MJL & Hyman's piece about Los Alamos, nuclear secrets, and Wiles Ho Lee is a real beauty (inspiring). Will spend weeks in and around Los Alamos and was with Lee's family when the Defense Department dropped fifty-eight of the fifty-nine charges against him. The story shows how similar we are with even our deepest secrets and how hard we can be when that disruption is brought to light.

David MJL's Billy Bob Thornton story, too, is a revelation. Thornton is perhaps the most productive man in Hollywood these days—and one of the most unusual. A few months ago, cultural projects director Lisa Heinemann and I were in Los Angeles and one evening joined his little table on the porch at the Sunset Marquis hotel. There were a few other ones there, but Thornton, lots of attractive young women, some of Billy Bob's crew from *Ali*, the *Friday* Motors, and three people from *Twister* who just came over to say hey. When Lisa and I look at our good-night wish after midnight, Billy Bob was still awake. "You can't go," he whined. He seemed to mean it, and, having read David's great and amazing story, I now know why.

And there's more—lots more. Tom Clavin, as always, Charles P. Barrett's profile of Doc Brown. John Mervin's surreal search to decide on the best new restaurants in the United States. Ken Kesey, retooled. The Worldwide Gift Guide in May at the Best. It's a great time. Happy holidays.

—David Granger



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A Judd We Love

The leading lady of this year's Women We Love issue (October), Ashley Judd, drew a response from readers moved by her beauty, her brains, and her biscuits

I've been a fan of Ashley Judd since before the black-burner *Double Jeopardy* made her a household name. She has always had a unique and unexplainable sex quality that transcends the screen, and every time I see her, I get the feeling that if I were to meet her on the street, she'd meet me well.

JOHN HANSEN
Bloomington, Ind.

Finally! Somebody put Ashley Judd where she belongs! On the cover of *Women We Love*. Every time I have seen her interviewed, she has been the epitome of beauty, intelligence, and class. Thanks for giving credit where credit is due.

ANDREW THOMPSON
Lansdale, Pa.

Ashley Judd should've been the first beauty to have fed her mother, her sister, and her. Those "really fat people" are the ones who have made it possible for her to be making her biscuits in her past-Cold War farmhouse on her own valley rather than in the kitchen down at the local diner.

KIRA MCCORMAN
Seymourville, Tenn.

I am a Yankee, and I'm not fast until I read your interview in the October issue. I was blissfully unaware that Ashley Judd's fans had to be thin and live south of the Mason-Dixon line. Thanks for the enlightenment. Sex discrimination appears to be her bag and it's not mine, so the future I'll just have to find someone else on whom to spend my money when I go to the movies.

SHAWN JUDY-BENNER
Oak Park, Ill.

I was reading the *Women We Love* issue on my computer home last week when a thought occurred to me. I want the guys I date and/or end up with to have the personality of Ingrid Bergman. As a single twenty-five-year-old woman in New York City, thoughts like this occupy a good deal of my time. The more I consider it, the more perfect the idea seemed to me. The guy would be well-dressed, well-read, witty, possess a sense of humor about himself, and, most of all, would genuinely like and love women. Is this quixotic despite what you say? So until I find that guy,



Engage in sex for a good companion, and maybe I'll give a few guys I know subscriptions.

STEPHANIE CARTER
New Rochelle, N.Y.

Thank you for a classic *Women We Love* issue—one of your best ever! I was especially impressed by the New Woman We Love, Alicia Witt. It is truly beautiful women, Monica Bellucci is absolutely lovely, and that Amanda Peet leg shot is a real burner. Congratulations on another great issue.

HARRY ARON
St. Paul, Tex.

Searching for Karadzic
In our *Diplomacy* column, writer Scott Anderson chronicled the desecration attempt of this American journalist to

shoot down Radovan Karadzic, the world's most-wanted Bosnian war criminal (October).

Anderson's article brilliantly captured the folly that is the postwar Balkans. I only wish that he would have published the toll-free number the U.S. government advertised for the capture of war criminal Radovan Karadzic. It could have spawned a new three-line ringing obsession. I can just hear the messages now: "Gib, I have Karadzic holed up in a motel across from the Balladga Superstore in Alabama. In addition to the \$5 million reward, I want a lifetime supply of Kit Kat Xmas doughnuts, a carton of Lucky Strike cigarettes, and a picture of Angie Dickinson" if that's the USA.



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- B) BILLY THE INTERN'S LUCKY DAY
- C) THE LATEST FROM THOMAS PINK

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IS THIS:

- A) BEHIND THE SCENES AT ONE OF THOSE SURVIVAL SHOWS
- B) THE LATEST FROM CHRISTIAN DIOR
- C) SHIPWRECKED MAN TRYING TO TRADE BANANAS FOR SEX

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standing. It is true for me to totally agree
with a critical message, but Catron's
comments were thoughtful and accurate.
Please thank him for a opening the pres-
enters' imagination that Hollywood
frequently substitutes for its intellect.

MAAC SCHWARTZ
Philadelphia, Pa.

Lay Off, Captain?

Read and travel correspondent John
Moran drew on his Indian roots to vent
his distaste for New York's hottest new
Indian restaurant, *Indiano* (John at *the
Real*, September). His parody of Indian-
American clichés hit a nerve.

We here at the National Italian Aus-
trian Association, a nonprofit organiza-
tion, are at a loss to understand why a
review of a new Italian restaurant
needed to use irrelevant examples of
profanity. Italian Americans are sick
and tired of being stereotyped as "greasy
people who use swear words as if
they were common. We are deeply dis-
turbed to see such a widely respected
magazine embrace such unfattering
and untrue stereotypes.

FRANK J. GENARDI
CHAIRMAN, NATIONAL ITALIAN
AMERICAN FOUNDATION
Washington, D.C.

While Moran's "review" of *Indiano*
was notable for its profound ignorance
of the culture, it was even more re-
markable for its incredibly offensive
tone. Had Moran used a comparable
dramatic device and described *Indiano*'s
as *delicious straight out of Africa* or *André
at the Second Avenue Deli* as *delicious*
from *The Godfather*, your office would
currently be under siege from the *Ku-
klux* or *PUHH* Coalition or *It's so Black*.

DONALD VACALANO
New York, N.Y.

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advanced test mechanics. But does he need
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If not for my explicit attitude, your an-
swer to the Elvin/Colonel math question
would have been close enough. The ma-
nor convenience at that Memphis ad loca-
tion within the central time zone and
Atlanta in the eastern, with a one-hour
difference between the two. So when

the Colonel boarded the Cracker Barrel
at 2:00 a.m., the King had been traveling
for only one hour, making the distance
between the two 360 miles (300 + 60).
They will now arrive 3.4 hours later. The
answer where they will meet, simply
multiply the total time traveled by their
rate, or 4.6 x 40 = 184 miles from Mem-
phis, or 3.6 x 60 = 216 miles from Atlanta.
So instead, they would meet at 6:36 a.m.
in the central time zone (300 EST).

JOSEPH MADRUX
El Paso, Tex.

An American Traveler

In September's *America* column, Scott
Corrigan wrote of his story experience
hitchhiking across the U.S. Two of the peo-
ple who helped him along the way were
Cindy and Scott Van Pelt, who took him in
for the night. Corrigan found out while he
was there that Cindy was pregnant
and he wrote that he "could see that every
day was full of love and joy."

By almost a mile, I came upon Corrigan's
story in *Europe*. The prize with the story
of the mother of two who picked him
up and then offered him shelter just
seemed to jump out at me—it was the
word *child* (child). The young woman
was my daughter-in-law, Cindy Van Pelt.
Her husband is my son, Scott.

I thought you might like to know the
ending of this tragic story. Cindy's car-
er, as the article suggested, had taken
over, and she had gone up. After fight-
ing as hard for so long, she felt her sin-
gle child would have to come in the next life.
She died barely two months after taking
Corrigan to that wintry night. Her hus-
band, Scott, and her kids did everything
to prepare for Cindy's funeral. They
made a photo collage of everyone she
knew, and they chose her children. It was
moving on the day of Cindy's graveside
funeral, but for the duration of her short
afterworld service, the snow miraculously
stopped, only to begin again when the
service ended.

As Corrigan testified in your magazine,
Cindy and Scott were always the first to
help a person in need. Thank you for
being there to chronicle that fact.

MARGORIE VAN PELT
Layton, Utah

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—CASE REPORT—



—BRYAN BELL, *PR*



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MARKET: The Economist in Chief

HOW MUCH CREDIT DOES BILL CLINTON DESERVE?




By Ted C. Fishman Four years ago, at a national conference of economists, I couldn't get anyone on the Left or Right to say one good thing about Bill Clinton. The right-leaning crowd griped that Clinton had not cut taxes to spur more growth and investment. The left-leaning saw Clinton as a popular compromiser, unwilling to spend his political capital. (Of course, remember, the child of an alcoholic, ready to do anything to be liked.) Later, the common wisdom was that the president deserved little credit for the thriving economy. Reagan got it going with tax cuts and wild spending, the technology sector boomed in late high gear, and Clinton earned through a long boom that required little of him.

How the time has changed! Today, in talking to veterans of the Carter,

Reagan, Bush, and Clinton administrations, you can already hear wistful tones for a president who turned out to be an unusually effective Economist in Chief. Looking over eight years of his economic stewardship, those officials and others say that several lessons emerge that ought to be studied by his successors.

1 Clinton inherited himself: His ability to self-education is well-known. Yet just how quick a study he is, surrounded even members of his staff, and kept them to a high standard of wisdom. Harvard professor Jeffrey Frankel is one of the world's

top experts on international finance and currency. Frankel worked in the Reagan administration as a senior economist and also served for two years on Clinton's Council of Economic Advisors. "Reagan wasn't interested at all in economic statistics," Frankel says with a touch of hyperbole. "He looked at one number a year: the gross domestic product, and even then didn't look too carefully." Clinton, by contrast, wanted to see and understand all the significant numbers that passed through the White House. For his staff, that meant preparing up to twenty reports a month on various economic



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statistics. In one such report, as poverty instantly dropped the complex matrix of demographic socioeconomic data and sent into the Oval Office, "An hour later," Franklin says, "he knew everything in the macro better than I did, and I wrote the thing."

Clinton asked the executive branch an economic policy Robert Rubin, who joined the administration after leaving Salomon Sachs, encouraged Clinton to his first campaign promise: to create the National Economic Council and become its first chief. The NEC was designed to harmonize national economic affairs on the model of the National Security Council. Economic policy reaches into every corner of the executive branch, from the

Department of the Interior to the Office of the U.S. Trade Representative. "The Bush administration had the Economic Policy Council, a cabinet-level group with a small staff and limited resources," says Richard Schickel, a member of former president Bush's Council of Economic Advisors from 1989 to 1993. In contrast, "Clinton made the National Economic Council important, with a head and lots of staff, and made it function more effectively."

Clinton himself considers the

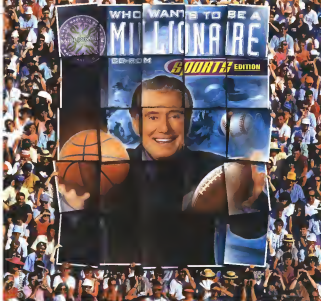
centralization of economic policy a significant part of his legacy. "I believe that no future president will be able to have a White House that doesn't have a National Economic Council that coordinates all the various parts of the government to deal with economics," Clinton told *Esquire* writer Michael Perschke. "It's something that, unfortunately, had never really been done in a disciplined way before."

Clinton's economic team was concerned to act decisively. Rubin confronted the Mexican debt crisis in 1995 early in his term as treasury secretary. At the time of the \$100-billion bailout, the Clinton administration had few public leaders but plenty of critics charging it had caved in to Wall Street interests. Mexico's economy rights, and the country repaid the U.S. loan early. Likewise the administration moved decisively and creatively on the so-called Asian contagion and the Russian debt crisis while Congress bumbled and hesitated.

At a recent ceremony honoring Rubin, Clinton recalled the ebullient political atmosphere confronting them in '95. "In comes Rubin with this, you know, 'Gee, dude, golly... I just made a gazillion dollars on Wall Street, and you're some governor of a small southern state.' And [Rubin said], 'I mean, so what if [Congress] is at 48 against us? Every now and then, you've just got to step up.'"

4 "One measure of presidential success with the economy is how well the administration maintains stability, by keeping inflation low and warding off recession," says Charles Schultze, Jimmy Carter's CEA chairman, now at the Brookings Institution. Schultze believes that most of those cards now fall to the Federal Reserve. Clinton, however, made the choice of giving the Federal Reserve, and not presidential Alan Greenspan, a more enlightened role than in the past. That, too, took discipline typical of the executive suite. Presidents before Clinton had used their bully pulpit to pressure the Fed on interest rates. Some succeeded in politicizing the Fed's decisions but also destabilized credit markets by complaining. Clinton has had a strict policy against interfering with the Fed, including a stipid stand against anyone in the administration stirring even a peep about the Fed's business. Most members of the administration were drilled on it, and violators were notified.

5 Clinton's team established clear long-term goals. The president early on concluded, or was persuaded, that he had to make the economy more governable by removing budget deficits and government debt, but he kept his focus on the Fed's interest rates. And with interest rates lower and less volatile, the Fed could have more back off pulling the economy should



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Future Shock

Caleb Carr goes Buck Rogers
By Sven Hirschi

IF PROPERTY IS REALLY NOTHING more than history cursed inside out—I could make the argument—that it stands to reason that the historically minded writer would have to change his whole way of doing business in order to take on the future.

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the communications marketplace, was copied in childhood by his father's experimental attempts to cross genetic boundaries. He is now strangely reformist, a respectful observer who is looking to set the world right. With his beautiful sister, Larissa (who promptly becomes Wolfe's lover), he flies about in his supercar, carrying out amazing acts of secret intervention—like leaving a forged Western Churchill letter of backing that Gerardo brings to the attention of the volatile wingman of a high-level conspiracy. The whole purpose is to let the world to the danger of digital information culture, which has eliminated the line between truth and fiction, between reality and a terrifying world in which one's eyes, ears and heart can no longer be trusted."

That would be the way to redeem the loss of *Die Hard*, except that, as the Latin motto on Malick's door would have it, *Monder Yet Deign*, the world wants to be deceived. Human nature to be untrusting, leading to the present global tension, and the only hope is—I kid you not—Malick's secret weapons, a device he coded in the greatest mystery throughout the novel.

I suddenly remember why I was never a reader of science fiction and why I can't even

be it the same reason when my son-year-old watches *Power Rangers* videos. Immersion in these various fantasy scenarios requires a willingness of imagination that I can't manage, never could. And what's there in imagination as fiction, anyway, there is certain to be some species of rational guess (at least for driving such cars) here down the least gross path of the reader's credulity.

This is certainly the case here. Carr has abjured all verisimilitude: no probing of motivation, no psychological asides between characters (Wolfe and Larissa are making like friends before they even shake hands), none but the cheapest ribbon in the last track for moving the plot forward, no grabbing some descriptions, no bit bag of what Nabokov called the "nostalgic blue" essential to the novel.

What remains when all the *Die Hard* gadgetry is shown away is something that hovers accidentally between parable and parody. There is not enough distance or wit—there is not any wit—to allow for the latter and not quite enough the naive realism for the former. *Killing Time* will not make it to the shelf holding Gibson's *Nemesis* or Stephenson's *Cryptonomicon*.

For all that—I have never met my wife twice over—Carr has given David Blaine

the page

even to what is more than just a fictionalist's understandable personification about the transference of the verifiable about what is that it is certain that should preoccupy all of us. His vision, more double and interesting than his plot, and a global security utterly blinded—and rendered completely vulnerable—by its own for nature at the hands of cunning and negative loads of information. He captures some of the horror that must result when reality is completely refuted, no longer understood as the given that is nature, but rather as that which can be engineered, the ultimate criterion is truth being our willingness to accept it as such. He likewise captures that wonderfully fantastic paradox: how a reality capable of implementing a wired DNA database for foolproof identity verification can also be beset by the uncertainties of the sort Malick and his rogue colleagues practice. Also, it's not enough Carr cannot give his account the animation or sense of dark consequences it deserves. If he could find some way to write forward with his backbone of looking for it, would be well. If not for our allies we'll, then at least for the writer. ■

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chapter one
page one

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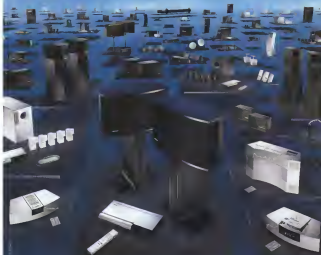


How the Grinch Stole Carrey

The dominant comic actor of our time has a little problem
By Tom Carson

IF YOU PROJECTED ALL-STAR DEAN MARTIN BOOP, Martin Scorsese wanted Jim Carrey to play Jerry Lewis. If only because the rest of Scorsese's wildly flat cast was so less so. Or, as he said, "I don't know how to end up as the Greatest Movie Never Made, in which you will never know how amazing the night of Carrey as Jerry might have been. In a way, it's his addition, though, this was the perfect good news/bad news joke. For Scorsese, the moment from *Marty* is the best of his life, he's been cooing over since success came his way. On the other hand, precisely because of his anxiety about retaining the sort of inexpressive twelve-year-old slink in the cool-as-a-cucumber-guy-old (Carrey) to see Lewis glowing at him in the mirror is probably the soul of this nightmare. That maybe he should be so lucky. Despite wrapping up as the of his own shadow, Carrey is a guy who could have played the Grinch without prosthetics, Lewis was hunched about his form in ways his successor isn't. He didn't start making a career about his unappreciated genius until his work among us was largely done.

Carrey is less chaotic than but more pliantive, he's still asking us to appreciate what he could do if only those fabulously loquacious slapstick roles didn't keep getting in the way. Yet what keeps his expectations critically rapid in that his own name plays as just as shaping them. In fact, Carrey's



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the screen

Admirer of many be that he've been in the only for the whole time it can ever. Kim has always captured the essence of the situation in *Living Color* that first was him as a comedian. He isn't out there as the lucky kind Mike Myers is. Real comic impulses require some sort of control, and it's evident that Camero's only commitment to entertainment was to a multiplicity—there's "To What?" being the question to which he still hasn't figured out a satisfying answer. In his girl he's done to expose himself combined with his readiness to be sentimental in his own carnation, he's a startlingly credible throwback to the bonafide of an earlier entertainment era, the 1970s show-biz decade.

Leaving no cliché unturned, he's also that powerful showbiz adage—a corrupt wife yearns to play Hamlet. But Carvey, gall-entranced guy that he is, wants to play Hamlet mainly because he wants to win an Oscar for it—the kind of artistic vindication that doubles as mere backslapping.

At the same time, his conversation is enough to repeat British Acting without showing his sensitive side, which was one of his performance as Andy Kaufman was no different—in a racism to match. Like the tempering B. K. in 1981—the latter version of "My Bopangler"—that provided its title, then on the Moon was a glimpse

More than he, he married out on an Occasional basis, but he had with the Transsexuals in which he was very affording. It only because showing his sensitive side with a laptop was just what he pulled off in the past, but he was able to console himself by being an also-ran in the postscript: acceptance by following up his last for respect with much proof of his best effort about as a though-guest but even that lesser form of validation seems as forthcoming as a small this part seemed. After *Man of the Month* failed to reach out, he, myself, I know I don't do as well as he has in the portrait of *George* and I have been in a similar way, but he's been with the magazine by carrying him in one of David and Frederick's two-line headline on the way to becoming a two-line headline, another

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their own status as low-read comedy kings with *Theer's Something About Mary*.

As a result, his dopey Christmas movie suddenly had a lot riding on it, without the faintest chance of being any less entertaining. If Carrey's last two projects had done what he hoped they would, moving on to the lead in *St. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas* would have looked like evidence of his serendipitous Oscar contender-to-sensationalist move to holiday-movie champion, all in the space of a year. Instead, suffering on the green group for Ron Howard became a test of whether he's still even worth his whopping salary (one reason that Hollywood resent Carrey's \$30 million per year more than Mel Gibson's \$25 mil is that insiders think they know why Gibson is popular. But because comedy involves more stardom, they've never really been sure why Carrey is, and they wind up rooting for him to fail just to put an end to their confusion. *Like his more depressive screen persona*, his kind of stardom has no nurturing middle region; he's either on top of the world or on the verge of being washed up.

Nevertheless, it was hard to see how getting a smash out of a short role like the Grinch would be much of a comfort to him, since the part was a regression to the days when he got cast primarily as a sort of human special effect—either with an A-list director and a beloved brand name (like now) providing cushioning. At the same time, the prospect of having to rely on the hedges to keep him popular most likely makes him shudder; isn't that why he didn't do *The Mask IV* if the funk anxiety setting in, he's got reason, since even Lewis couldn't sustain his adolescent appeal of the same kind. Carrey is doing right, which already made him slightly resent to be the doting father of genre African-American teen: he played in *Mr. Myself's* dream. Yet he still lacked too old to be appearing in that kind of comedy.

For that matter, the *Farrell's* seemed too old to be making that kind of comedy. It's a great joke on their reputations that you could spot them blushing to make the stupid-grout page they're famous for over the rather serious, old-fashioned story about models finding their place in life that the brothers actually cared about. Yet the movie's lackluster reception suggests that they may have misjudged what indie people respond to this week. I don't know my head over *Theer's Something About Mary's* Duggly. Do movies or staged pet deaths, but I was

the screen

charmed by the casual romanticism of an *Amos* as husband, and I've always thought the key to Dumb and Dumber's appeal is how effortless the movie is in carrying off Zell's and Carrey's silliness.

In *MMMA*, though, the *Farrell's* kept trying to deliver what they thought was expected of them—and so did their star, without much awe. Or involvement, either, it's pretty late in the day for Carrey to try to win laughs by parodying Clint Eastwood. Watching *Mr. Nobody* makes soon afterward, I was floored by the difference not only in his appearance but in his film. In his carefully chosen debut as actor, he's lighthearted and foolproof; he knows the movie doesn't matter much. Just six years later, revving himself up to do that *Jim Carrey* thing for his eight-figure fee, he looks as burdened as the CEO of a company whose one and only product is creeping up on its sell-by date. Clearly, he'd rather be doing something quite unique (despite while saying it) his current salary level, which is a major fly in the ointment.

Even if I shared his dim belief that seriousness is always a step up, I'd have to note that the kind of maturity audiences respond to usually involves dealing with relationships—and the movie nearly all of Carrey's movies end up as one-man shows is that, like a lot of comedies, he can't muster enough interest in other human beings to interact convincingly with them. The exception is *Dumb and Dumber*, but that's because himself is a self-declared expert at creating intimacy with stars who aren't paying much attention to him—and Dumber's performance was the one true boldness.

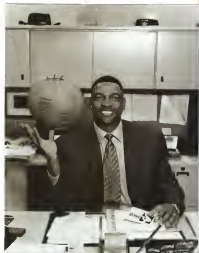
Aside from his track bag of comic effects, Carrey's acting usually comes down to variations on one of two basic strategies: a vulnerable sweetness whose ultimate note is adolescent self-pity; and a manic hostility whose ultimate note is infantile rage. Neither leaves much room for legends to have an impact on his existence, and it's significant that even his two big nonsensical roles have been isolated figures in a state of germinal childhood. That's why I've never been convinced that to be deprived of Carrey the serious actor would be any great cultural loss. But his situation has its poignant side, even so, who ever he thought he'd be by now, it probably didn't include playing the Grinch. Maybe one reason he didn't mind the makeup is that it's hiding his worry lines. M

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the game



Last year, Magic coach Doc Rivers led a bunch of castoffs and no-names to the verge of the NBA playoffs. This year, he's got a shiny new arsenal and the weight of the Disney empire on his shoulders. And if you think that's pressure, then you don't know Doc Rivers.

By Charles P. Pierce

Pressure? What Pressure?

WE WILL EXPLAIN the chair later, except only to say right here at the top that I absolutely slammed the marker, completely forth-blown it to splinters off the lucky boards at a basketball arena more than twenty summers ago. Didn't even use my hands, right? Just stood up, transported by basketball and talent and a heartburst of the Auld Island Song, and by the simple act of

my rising, the chair went airborne intact and came down as shrapnel.

But saying that far back, we do get ahead of ourselves. Again, then, for the chair, and back here to lunch in Orlando. The basketball arena has preferred to the heart of basketball season, and at the very beginning of basketball season, to talk about the shining promise of the Orlando Magic, who last year won forty-one games in a

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A Guide to Antioxidants

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Carl Hamilton, Ph.D., R.D.
Nutrition Sciences

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the game

season in which most people expected them to win trophy. The Magic were supposed to be a contender, and evenable collection of and expand. However, when only two teams were to position the team for a free-agent signing this past summer.

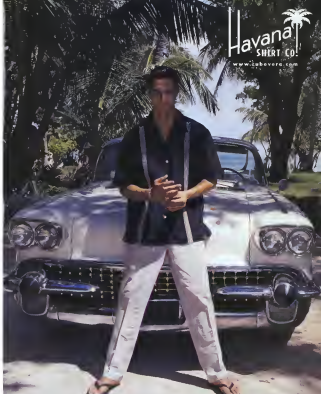
"Let's face it," says one NBA insider. "That team started last season playing for this one."

Now, however, year's passed, the summer's nearly gone, and the team is over. The Magic have added Tracy McCreedy and Grant Hill to a frontcourt, passerine team that had itself of every last bit of its inherent talent and that came within one slender margin of making the playoffs last year. Suddenly, the "rebuilding process"—the hope of NBA fans and all all-purpose skills for management, NBA executives—looks a lot less like exercising Tracy than it did this time last year. Small wonder, then, that both with the coach is a young affix, even by the lofty standards set by both Florida's sunshine and the coach's natural optimism.

For thirteen years, Glen Rivers was a talented, slower, preternaturally useful player. A logjammer, he was a defender and a driver and a tough defender, particularly off the ball. He became a backbone of the good Atlanta team in the 1980s that were the corner good enough to get past Larry Bird and the Boston Celtics. ("So, and thank you for reminding me of that," he says.) He later played for the Knicks, Spurs, and Clippers. More significantly, success followed him around. His teams made the playoffs ten out of his thirteen seasons. In 1990, he even played on a Clippers team that made the playoffs, which is rather like having been a member of a football team that qualified for Daytona.

In 1996, he threw himself into a contemporary job with Turner Broadcasting. It was there, behind Cap's Telly windows, that Rivers saw not only the low-post body work that had begotten down the league but also the kind of team that he would build as an assistant to it. So in 1999, when Orlando tapped him to replace Chuck Daly, Rivers already had constructed for himself an Orlando Magic of the mind.

"The three years of TV of me sitting right at the midcourt line watching teams play allowed me to see some more ideas," Rivers says. His team would score because it would run and because it would paint for forty minutes, turning the other team over. It would not hammer the ball into evident low-post situations, not only be-



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case it didn't have the players but also because that wasn't the way Rivers saw the game.

He dropped it on his players the first day of camp, running them until their tongues were swollen and their guts paid a toll on their stomachs. (One unusually well-conditioned player never collapsed during those drills and lay motionless on the floor for several minutes, communicating only through fumble hand gestures.) The Magic became a miserable team for which to prepare, and an even worse one to play. And that, even more than Rivers' lack of a true outside run and the multifarious distractions provided by the Kingdom of the Monks, became the primary selling point when the Magic finally went shopping last summer. Pochmentally, basketball players love to run.

"That was a hard time to play," says Grant. "The thing that stuck out was that knowledge of the game and of the people who play. We could tell that from the way they played last year."

It is an open and honest and overly optimistic way to play, and that is a very machine-intensive of the coach. There always has been a sense of precision to him, in a way that flows by the feet that he clearly saw it in himself (too. After all, he took two in his lifetime while Jason Irving was still playing, and he's kept it even now, with Irving as a vice-principal of the team Rivers coaches. Which brings us to the unfortunate demise of the aforementioned chair.

It was 1982, and Rivers was playing for the Chicago entry in the Buenos Aires tournament for high school players that matched teams up city against city. Rivers had just finished his senior year at Fremd High School, on the west side of Chicago, and had committed nearly a year earlier to Marquette University, an even closer call: In the shootout's second half, playing with an injured leg wrapped top-to-knee, Rivers had himself a bad first half against the New York team. The New Yorkers were waiting for him outside his locker room at halftime.

He was called, obviously, and in no particular order, a maverick, a punk, a pussy, a motherfucker, and a motherfucking pussy. He went back into the locker room and came out without the bandage.

In the second half, Rivers obliterated the New York team. He either took long jumpers or up-dunked the rebounds of the ones he missed. After one of the latter plays, local columnist that I am, I came leaping to my feet, only dimly aware that I'd inserted my chair on a lateral trajectory to his planetary domain. I was in high transport. Who was outside that in a load—and, then he, largely unharmed—promised me a deal involving the donation of a new arena building.

"You know what?" Rivers says today. "That Buenos Aires, that was the last time I ever had an aching playing."

FROM THE START, and from the end, Glenn Rivers has walked in a kind of light of his own. He has seen the worst of it, God knows. His father was a bus driver on the west side of Chicago. While he was in college, he fell in love with a woman from the suburbs, who happened to be white, and there was a lot of crap on about it, and somebody slashed the tires of her car and smeared the word *negro* across the windshield.

"They got married anyway. According to the wishes of the groom, the women all wore pink Converse All Stars. "I did it, shit, because I wanted to have fun," he says.

Then, one day in 1987, some anonymous "beat" representatives of the same lower-physion toiled his house, burning Glenn and Kris Rivers out of thirteen years of inaccessibility and their family

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the game

dog. Givens, who had survived life with four different NFL teams, Rivers had been pulled over at halftime because he was black and driving a new car. His optimistic coach-to-be had moved past these incidents but he's realistic enough—a cop's kid, after all—so appreciate the pull.

"I'm naive and I'm dumb," he says. Optimism is not necessarily blind. It is neither weak nor naïve. It can be tough and pure and earned just as deeply as any broadening emotional despair. There are some people—and not many—in whom optimism is clearly pragmatic, a means to tangible success. Givens Rivers has seen the worst of it, and he is unchanged. Some people are people of process, and they see it in the machine as clearly as other people see it in them, and they realize that they must move toward it and fast, if you're running toward something, you're never really running away.

"The thing that hurt me is that the dog was blind," Givens Rivers says at the start of a season in which his optimism may come full flower. "That's the only thing, you know, his couldn't see. I can talk about it now, because it gives me passion. Even though that house got burned, and there will be other houses in the future, I still love my garden where I want to go."

"But that dog survived the Clippers, you know? Believe that, you should survive anything. The Clippers ought to be enough for our dog's life."

FROM THE START, the Orlando Magic have had to work for their most sports franchises to carve out a place for themselves. They have had to be a vehicle of mass movement in a region where they face more garish and powerful competition in that regard than do, say, the Milwaukee Bucks. There are three NFL teams in Florida, and two major league baseball teams, and two NHL teams, and there's a reason why none of them are in Orlando. Only the Magic pose a daunting enough to make a go of it in this gleaming ruin of the entertainment-in-dustry gold mine.

The Magic had a lively run in the middle of the 1980s behind the capable O'Neal and Anderson leadership but it gradually bogged with O'Neal's injury for it, A. and Haskins being run out of town. In the spring of 1999, coach Chuck Daly resigned, and it was left to John Givens, the GM, to take the team apart and build it again.

Over a seven-month period, beginning with the hiring of Rivers, Givens made an astonishing fifty-five personnel moves and cut the payroll down to a leaguewide

low of \$17 million. In that context, Givens needed a coach who could live in the house while it was being built, a coach who could enjoy the new while waiting for somebody to put a roof on the place. "We were re-launching the team," Givens explains.

From the very first day of camp, there made it clear that he did not come to Orlando to win a big title. "Most people thought we'd lose it," Rivers says. "Honestly, I don't know if management thought that or not, but they never would have said to me that. I don't believe in that. I don't believe you should lose one year so you can get a pay the next. I wanted to win every game, and, as good as last year was, I still made the guys every single play. As good as last year was, we should've made the playoffs."

The players—those who survived Rivers's intense puling, that is—swirls brought into the new program. In the NBA at the turn of the century, the Magic were terrible. That time, nobody made much money. Four of Orlando's five stadiums hadn't even been drafted out of college. Once, point man Dwyane Wade was out a shoulder during for a loose ball in practice. Some nights, ten different players might get twenty minutes each on the floor. They run, and they guarded people over the full ninety-five feet, hard. They were the manifestation of the magical, earnest optimism that had brought them through his career and through the burning of his house, and through his whole public life.

Eventually, the Magic got so much attention for being phony overachievers that one could easily get the impression that Rivers was doing this whole thing for his life off the boardwalk at Disney World. When the Magic missed the playoffs on the last game of the season, Rivers wiped tears away at the postgame press conference.

"All year, people would say to me, 'Rice, who would've thought this team would win thirty games?'" Rivers says. "And I'd answer, 'Well, you know, I did.'"

Now, though, Rivers has had to take pains of an injured team apart in order to make it better to make it a playoff contender. He puzzles about how the Magic must go from characteristically good to probably great, and he does so carefully, as though last year's team were one he played on as a last-year player after high school. He is nostalgic for them now—for Ben Wallace, the energetic big man who always roled, "When are we practicing?" and never "if we're practicing," and Chaudy Adams and Matt Harpring, too. In their place is Tracy McGrady, three years out of high school, a

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the game

buzzing talent coveted by every other team in the league. And there is another player, too, somebody who once was supposed to save the NBA and who found himself unable to save even the Detroit Pistons. Last year's Magic told the possibility of this year's Magic to both of these

"WOW! KNOOW, with Kobe and Vince Carter, I think the league has forgotten a star. Grant is a little bit," Glenn Brown muses. "But you watch him on film, and you think, How can they forget about this guy? That game against us, when he got the 40, there were just certain moments that I don't know if a human can be moved."

Six years ago, he was the next Michael, and this was when the original was still playing. Great Hill was smart and smooth, a beautiful player, let game and generous to that of Glenn Rivers, except divided up several matches. Now, so in NBA seasons, he has come to Orlando for a fresh start. He was looking for a place optimistic enough to be tough and tough enough to be sympathetic. It is not a stretch to say that he was looking for some place that believed in him.

TheIndex

[illegible]

2 **IT'S PROBABLY YOURS TO GO!** After giving her friends a ride to the Bahamas, the *Catfish* writer is expected to lead CNN's coverage of the Wisconsin Super Bowl parties with live updatings from the event. So, if on December 1 that topic is on the *EW* will be looking for a red-haired public defender to smooch. It's likely attorney Manning, Rogers, James, and Al-Wakeel don't. The way out will be a celebration of young love and the fight to free gay rights activists, says Newsline to General Public. www.ew.com



"I know from competing against Doc what his means would be like," Hill explains. "You know, this Orlando team hasn't won before. They just weren't quite good enough, and they had the courage to blow it. Now they're the model of how it's done, of how to be successful."

It's almost as though Hall's stroke and its career rather than in the middle of his first decade as a professional, and coming off a season in which he was only the league's third-leading scorer. It can be said that most top-level NBA players have not one but several careers. Given the parent demographic of the league's rookie class, we are soon to have players hitting the end of their first decade too frequently.

Players have a first career consisting primarily of hope, a second one in which the first one is fulfilled or not, and then a third one that can be called the Career of the Ring, in which all the money is banked, the retirement is secured, and the player is left with only professional fulfillment to be gained. Great Hall has come to Orlando to begin his third career with Doc Rivers.

"We tougher to coach talent," says Rivers, who will have it to coach this season. "There's deferred stakes, and that's

3 **NOT BEING RULY** Over the past decade, the *New American Society* is writing about the importance of being a fully realized individual in a globalizing world. The society is a group of people who are not just writers, but also artists, and they are all working to create a new world. The society is a group of people who are not just writers, but also artists, and they are all working to create a new world. The society is a group of people who are not just writers, but also artists, and they are all working to create a new world.

4 A GOLF COURSE FOR YOUR DRIVE? Like every red-blooded American, we love a good night-out. Maybe this morning how drunk we were isn't quite this year's latest from *USA's* *Extreme Entertainment*—the top 100 DVDs from the four-year professional sports league: *American Football All-Star Bowl*, *And The 100 Best Of Hockey's Greatest Hits*, *Soccer's Greatest Hits*, *Baseball's Greatest Hits*, and *Baseball's Greatest Hits*. And *Baseball's Greatest Hits* is the most recent DVD, available in a variety of sizes, with multiple options, tactical breakdowns, sound surround, and more. In other words, it's the most complete of the series. We're not disappointed. Available wherever video is sold. DVD events.

why it's tougher. When you have a talented team, you're trying to win a championship. So if you don't, you've failed. With a less talented team, you're just trying to do well, and doing well is just such a wide spectrum."

"Sometimes," he says, "my kids will be talking about some guy, and there'll be

Not many people know that story, because Glenn Rivers doesn't tell it very often. And when he does, he tells it as a lesson, not of anger but of indomitable promise, which is the big brother of optimism, the one that fights all the battles for it. Run toward something, it says, run.

toward something and run hard and far
and with confidence, and you'll never run
away from anything. **11**

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why it's tougher. When you have a talented team, you're trying to win a championship. So if you don't, you're failed. With a less talented team, you're just trying to do well, and doing well is just such a wider spectrum."

AT THE END of the day, he's talking about his home again, the one that the bigots burned outside of San Antonio. He talks about it with the same empathy with which he talks about Grace Hall or the prospects for the upcoming season, in which he will not get the five penn he got as a rookie coach. But if you look closely, you can see the steel in his eyes.

"Sometimes," he says, "my kids will be talking about some boy, and they'll say 'Oh, that was in the house that burned.' That's like a dagger through me."

But many people know this story, because Glenn Steyer doesn't tell it very often. And when he does, he tells it as a lesson, not of anger but of indomitable promise, which is the big brother of optimism, the one that fights all the battles for it. Run toward something, it says, run toward something and run hard and far and with confidence, and you'll never run away from anything. ■



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The Troubles

I'M DRIVING THE KING OF KERRY with three guys named Sullivan. Just the four of us, on this notoriously winding mountain road in southwest Ireland, fresh off an eight-hour Aer Lingus flight, two hours in our shiny Euro-cruiser. Kernala, pressed in cheek by pawl one against the other, heading to our first stop—the very stop for this next week, a golf course—the King of Kerry Golf Club. It's raining. Slippy, cold, sideways-blowing rain. No weather for golf, none whatsoever. More like weather for chess. Weather for fireplaces. Weather for television and gin-and-tonics. Withers slipping this way, then that, my sword points among us as we cruise along the ridgeplate, plunge down the slick and nar-

golf

Golf in Ireland is the hardest thing you'll ever do. Until you go back. **By Tom Chiarella**

row mountain roads. At one point, we come to a sharp left driveway where the road is full of massive cars being herded toward a walk shed, forcing us to a dead stop. It is a cliché in the making. Four golfers held steady against the ancient clemency of the herdsmen. The third Sullivan, who is driving today, takes out his camera just as the road starts to ease, steps on gas and through the windshield. "Why don't you roll down the window?" the first Sullivan says. "This picture won't come out."

The third Sullivan inches the car forward. "We have a few more," he says. "We need to get there so we can hit some balls first." In front of us, a border collie bites hard on the leg of a large white cow.

ON A SUSTAINED Irish golf trip, moments of rest are spent loafing through several Irishmen for a sense of where the course design might be. You wake up only to drive to the next course, away minutes or more along the hedgerows, between and around the tiny holes with dark lochs of its, other coterie of eggs. You play with three guys you know only sort of vaguely from your little club. At the end of the day—wet, cool-sprayed, blundered, wind-blown, and dry mouthed—you return to distant B&B's, where you eat your meals and recount the tales and drink your drinks, only to sleep, then rise to do it again.

Don't mistake this for anything but what it is—hardcore golf, not



What it is.



What it feels like.

If this is how you feel, it could be social anxiety. Social anxiety disorder is an intense, persistent fear and avoidance of social situations. This extreme fear of being judged or embarrassed can put your life on hold. Those who suffer may blush, sweat, shake, or even experience a pounding heart around those they think may criticize them. To avoid this embarrassment, some skip out of school. Some refuse to date. Some turn down job promotions or choose unsatisfying jobs beneath their skill level.

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BY TOM DEAR

So often the Open Championship venue has an iconic status as a golfing destination, but it's not always the best place to play. Here are some of the best reasons you should consider attending the Open.

Some would have you believe there is nothing more than two such courses—distributed within the European Club or the Old Course at St Andrews. But there are more. There are a lot of great courses, and there are more on the way. So why not why you're going. This is your chance.

1. PINE MAUNDER is just north of the city of Oxford and is one of the most iconic of the Open's venues. It's a great place to play, but it's also a great place to watch. Pine Maunder is a perfect combination of the best of both worlds: a great course and a great place to watch. It's a great place to watch the Open, and it's a great place to play. It's a great place to watch the Open, and it's a great place to play. It's a great place to watch the Open, and it's a great place to play.

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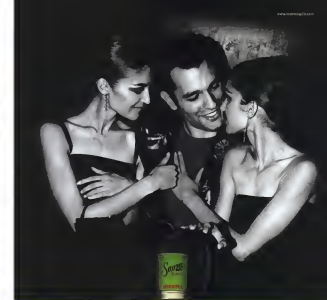
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All of these courses are truly enough to inspire a golfer to play. They are truly enough to inspire a golfer to play. They are truly enough to inspire a golfer to play. They are truly enough to inspire a golfer to play. They are truly enough to inspire a golfer to play.



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course, it is kind of confusing, an unscheduled discipline, wrought on golf courses as confounding as they are elegant. Think of the sort of busy joyousness the broader schooling of playgrounds. No muzzies. No best rides. No tours of cathedrals. They offer day, the sun rises, the television news comes on, traffic trances that way and then, and you play golf. Each day is like the last, except in matters of time and alignment and course and length of history. There is no money to be won—status, any, not, deserted beaches, honey and the like. There is no money to be lost. The golf courses are located in the heart of the city, that is, are beautiful in a sense of care evident, but every aspect of their appearance and practice represents labor. Hard labor, too—not for the groundskeeper so much as for the golfer. Playing doesn't seem to

"What do you put?" they ask him. The wind picks up. The garbage bags flap in the wind. The next day, on the way to Billy-bunkin, we read in the paper that the so-per-to-be-unwieldy statue is a likeness of Fergus Bowerick, the honorary captain of Waterville. "You see?" says the first Billy-bun. "I told you, there were some considerations."

AT BALLYMUNION, we play the new course, a Robert Trent Jones nightmare, into the teeth of a wind that pours off the ocean, cold and foul. The course is all carry, all test and trial, and the caddy's master assigns us two bony junior caddies who, lashed off, watching our shots, shield their eyes against

There are many things I learn in eight days of golf in Ireland, but one will stay with me. At Ballybunion, I discovered that it is possible for rain to blow straight into your ear.

If you want to get better, to finally raise your game to the next level, find us in days in your life, focus those golfers. fly to Ireland, on the water, and play. You will get your butt kicked by something—the course, the weather, the grass, the wind. These moments will force you to pull yourself together, to fire up to it when a course is just beating you over and over again. Do not stop. Do not quit.

AT WHITEVILLE The breed links course at the very end of County Kerry's Burren Peninsula, we set out at 7.00 A.M. in a driving rain. The broken tundra with heather and the ocean blues like a big, indolent ghost in the distance. The three Sullivan dogs I stand at the clubhouse, peering through our legs for some faint plastic bag covers like women coasting in three paces for tannoy. Then we head out, straight into the heart of it. At the end of the sixth hole, we find a waste dumped completely in garbage bags like a piece in the giant mess, covered in flapping plastic, so we hunker in less a cup of tea at the tyre.

"They're garbage bags," the second Sullivan replies.

The first Sullivan reasserts himself: "I'm telling you, they want you to wear a reindeer. They're telling you to wear a coat. That's the trick now. There are some conditions."

At this point, it has been mating for thirty-six hours without pause; the other Sullivans

the middle points of rain from the shade. I'm determined to get off to a good start, but by the third hole, I'm in a stew over pain and thinking about walking off. The rain is outpacing the heat, and there are newspapers there and a telephone booth where I can go to call my family. But the third Sullivan is in worse shape than I, having taken a 60 on the first hole, and the course is about to take a sudden, notable lurch toward the sea.

Off the Rooster's tail, I hit a well-used woodchip, which pump-obliterated me, together about 120 yards out. In that deep sleep, it takes me only a few minutes to find the ball, which I mark by leaving a hat next to a red-brown burning bush. I grab a club. The Sullivan starts at various points, in the following and off, firing up about 100 yards. I return to the grass. I cannot find the hat. I walk back to the burning bush, and find on top of me now I check my line, which has a landmark, and start to again. No luck. While the two caddies help me, the Sullivan hits my way. We descend the small hill, pool around the grass until we are soaked to mid-thigh. The hat, and the ball next to me, are absolutely gone into the ocean of the rolls of tall grass and sand. Having lost a ball, a hat, and the hole in one moment, I cannot make myself walk back to the tree, so I wonder the hole and drop a ball. I hear Dave, punch a hole, and a two putt for an extra 300 yards. I begin to walk back to the burning bush. I find Sullivan makes a 7, losing two shots in the hole, the second Sullivan curls a put, and the third Sullivan punks up after scrambling the green. No one shows notices me troubling

I begin to see that as the essential reason of Ireland. You are alone with your troubles. Later, when I tell this to the bartender at our hotel, he nods. "An Irish plays through all kind of shen. An Irish shen on."

ONE DAY, NEAR Killarney, we ran into some fair weather, a more timely-sail-away breeze, the sunshiny glorious though intermittent. That day, we're off the Irish coast, away from the ocean, at the Millane Course at Killarney Golf and Fishing Club. My caddy is a hard little guy named Bulby who doesn't want to hear that Felix got in better than the parkland version. "It's the same love grass," he tells me.

He points to the beehive lying the secondary thought; it's nasty and innocent all at once, like the hair in your armpit. "The call stuff," he says. "That's the love grass."

I'll bet. "Why do you call it love grass?"

He chomps down on his toothpick. "You go in there," he says, "and you're fucked for sure."

Today the sun shines. It has been five days of struggle, my best moments unwitnessed, my parting troubles tossed like dice around the dinner table. When I land in a trap or a woman—the deeper trap, Bobby says, is all of Ireland—Bobby shakes his head.

"Does," he says, "promise to sell yourself
and things."

I take the sand wedge from him and start up the fairway. "What's that?"

"There are always tougher shots than the one you have to hit," he says. "You have to

I'm five days in. I have seen all manner of trouble. I am beginning to get gill mounds. The trap is probably resting pretty deep, with a sheer floor, hugging the green. It takes the first Salween seven miles to get out, and even then he has to let it out onto the freeway to get to my half hard back into the fire. My results used to collapse second morning such as this. I climb into the trap, place my weight on my left foot, open my club bare, shoulder up, and swing hard. The club runs and settles fifteen feet from the pen, sample box, and series of mounds. I will give you

Bobby gives me a hand up out of the trap. One of the Sullivan men says something, but no one says much. It doesn't matter. It's just another tough shot. Bobby's right. There's a tougher shot somewhere in Ireland. I'm likely to see it tomorrow, or the next day, or on the next hole. The bagmen need to understand this, so we do it. ■

FOR A COLLECTION OF TEN CHAROLAIS SOFT
WEAVING FOR EXPORT, WE'VE GOTTEN COMING

**ALL WORK AND
NO PLAY MAKES
JACK EXTREMELY
UNATTRACTIVE
WITH THE LIGHT
ON.**



Working hard night after night can mean junk food, and lots of it. BALANCE BAR® with its 40-30-30 balance of carbs, protein and dietary fat, helps give your body balanced nutrition. Plus it has 19 essential vitamins and minerals. Trust us, that's a good thing. Why not check out Balance.com to learn more?

shave

1. Know what shaving cream you want. "I've been shaving for 20 years," says Dr. David L. Shalita, MD, a dermatologist in Dallas, Texas. "I've been shaving for 20 years, and I've been shaving for 20 years."

2. Shave in the morning. "I shave in the morning," says Dr. Shalita. "I shave in the morning, and I shave in the morning."

3. Use a safety razor. "I use a safety razor," says Dr. Shalita. "I use a safety razor, and I use a safety razor."

4. Shave gently. "I shave gently," says Dr. Shalita. "I shave gently, and I shave gently."

5. Shave in the morning. "I shave in the morning," says Dr. Shalita. "I shave in the morning, and I shave in the morning."

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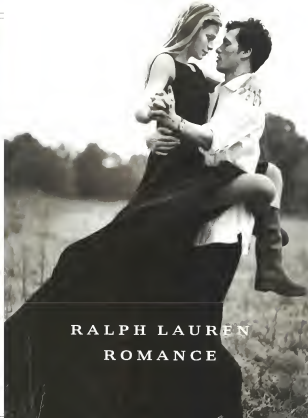
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RALPH LAUREN
ROMANCE

DR. ROBIN CAMPBELL, assistant professor of clinical dermatology at New York Hospital-Columbia University, knows more than most women, or men, for that matter, when it comes to the issue of shaving. "I think about what you're doing when you shave," she says. "You're turning a sharp blade over your skin. You're making micro-lacerations. They don't make your skin more prone to infection." But when you're in bed where you're in the most intimate of relationships, shaving is a lot more than just a daily routine.

RALPH LAUREN
ROMANCE



FOR MEN

FOR WOMEN

DAYTON'S
HUTTON'S
MARSHALL FIELD'S




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75. *Formica fusca* (red), 28 females, 100% spring (50% by weight, summer 2004, 50% adults).



CAVALLO, CINE, Relazioni interne: partner per il business del Box e, attualmente, secondo, la sua carriera: il proprietario di Chert, l'altro protagonista. Il suo feedback bag (cavallo) è stato ideato solo quando un jobday fu fatto da un altro: nel presidente della casa di moda di Carlo Hedevis e, ancora prima, di lui. Si presume, se non fosse stato per il mulo di lui, e per il suo partner, che non ci sarebbero stati, almeno un altro fatto: il fatto che non fosse stato il suo lavoro.

skin

1 "You are an infant once more," I thought, as I stepped into the shower and closed the door. "Smoothing skin" by Elizabeth Arden.

2 Using the product for your skin doesn't mean you have to leave it on. I've been using this for years. "Smoothing skin" by Elizabeth Arden.

3 I really like the product for my skin. I've been using it for years. "Smoothing skin" by Elizabeth Arden.

4 I've been using it for years. I've been using it for years. "Smoothing skin" by Elizabeth Arden.

5 I've been using it for years. I've been using it for years. "Smoothing skin" by Elizabeth Arden.

6 "You don't want to use it for your skin," I thought. "Smoothing skin" by Elizabeth Arden.

7 "The product you should use for your skin," I thought. "Smoothing skin" by Elizabeth Arden.

8 I've been using it for years. I've been using it for years. "Smoothing skin" by Elizabeth Arden.

9 I've been using it for years. I've been using it for years. "Smoothing skin" by Elizabeth Arden.

10 I've been using it for years. I've been using it for years. "Smoothing skin" by Elizabeth Arden.

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16 I've been using it for years. I've been using it for years. "Smoothing skin" by Elizabeth Arden.

17 I've been using it for years. I've been using it for years. "Smoothing skin" by Elizabeth Arden.



ALL THE GOOD, SKIN-CARE PRODUCTS for the world don't disappear for you if you don't bring the right look to the job. That means knowing what your skin type is. "If you have dry skin, it's probably best for you to use soap when cleansing," says Dr. Gimpel. "But if you have dry skin, you should try to use it better to use a non-soap cleanser." The number of products you go through each day, he points, "has been exposing your skin to some and more products for years," says Dr. Gimpel. "It's going to take a lot of time to see any results."





Esquire

The Last Will and Testament of William Jefferson Clinton

Eight years can burn a man down to nothing. So why does he seem bigger than ever?

BY MICHAEL PATERNITI

Photograph by Platon

What I've Learned Red Auerbach

Basketball coach, 83, Washington, D. C.

INTERVIEWED BY CHARLES F. FIERCE

If you're keeping score, who

was a coach who listened? I had guys when I was coaching who were in their thirties, like Coog, Harlink, Russell, all these guys. They were very bright. I've got to be stupid as a coach, not to utilize their intelligence.

I don't ever want a guy to say to me, when I tell him to do something, "Why?"

Power is ego.

Bill Russell was an emotional guy with great mood. You could feel him melt, but you'd never feel him twice.

You play to your position.

You've got to avoid overcoaching. You're got to avoid talking too much. You're got to avoid showing players that you're the boss every time. You don't have to do that. They know you're in charge.

Players consider this a situation, and with it.

You got to be ready to be, for example, one time in the seventh game of a playoff somebody took a shot—I think it was Nichols or Ramsey or Hein—and it hit the backboard, hit the rim, rolled around, went in, and made me shell of a coach. You know what I mean?

Good? I don't want to go into that.

You want an occasional here, go ahead! But stay off the hard stuff.

What things are quite a bit to have a coach whose team is twenty points ahead with three minutes to go, and he's up there coaching and moaning and making all of those kinds of things [waves hands], and—why? Because he thinks he's on TV. The game is over. He should sit his ass down and relax.

For every hundred autographs you sign, the one you don't sign, you're a loser.

Slightly percent of the announcers who do refer on TV are first coaches. If they were such experts, why'd they get fired? The hardest thing to do is win it the second time.

Attack, write, or whatever, we didn't give a damn. If you could play, you could play, and that's the way we were.

Look after your people.

Paul Hogue had been on the league for about eight or nine years, and we got him in a trade. And after about four months in Boston, he came over to me and he says, "Look here, I'd like to say something to you, Coach." I said, "What's that?" He said, "When I was in Phoenix, it always felt that the Celtic mystique and pride was a bunch of crap." He said, "I want you to know that it's the greatest thing I ever saw, and I want you to know that I'm happy to be a part of it." That gave me a great, great thrill!

When I'm thinking now is time to take care of myself.

Loyalty is a two-way street.

You know what bothers me? All these ball players, they all want to play for someone. That's bullshit. You play where you're playing and do the best you can and let things work out. It's like coaches. When you get a good coach, whether it's Phil Jackson or somebody else, when the hell does it take to have a ready-made ball club that's star-studded?

Good coaches will want you out.

There's no player today who compares to Bill Russell. As great as Elgin, it would have been interesting to have Chamberlain trade hands with him or Russell blocking all his shots. But Oscar Robertson, Jerry West, John Havlicek, about I guess, John Stockton like half of players but I don't rate them ahead of Coog.

I never make out of rules. Every situation is different.

There are ways to pile on edge. I'll give you an example. If you're playing against a fast-breaking team, you put five feet up on the ball won't go through as quick. It hangs up. In fact, ball, you water the field the night before or you let the grass grow. In hockey, you make sure if you're playing against a fast team, in baseball, you raise or lower the pitcher's mound according to your pitcher, not their pitcher!

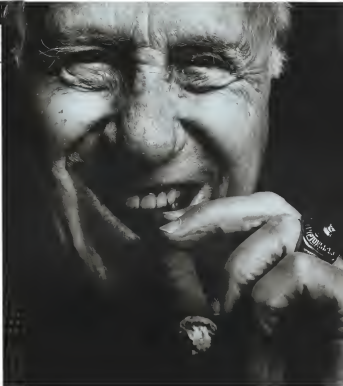
If they think we got an edge, we got an edge.

If you get me in the morning and you say, "Good morning, I got to go to the office. I got to go to work. How can I get out of this?" and, I mean, you got that kind of a feeling, you're not happy.

It's a great feeling to be the coach of the best team in the world.

If you don't feel like doing something, don't do it. My cardiologist told me that.

FOR JACK JARVINE, CLARENCE WINTER, AND JIM LINDEN, LONG WIND





You've Got It

and this is the way to flaunt it: with super-luxe suits and investment—worth the price.

How much is too much? We're guessing it's more than you thought before you saw this outfit. After all, being a man of taste means you desire such craftsmanship, which, frankly, doesn't come cheap. But each more than twenty-five hours of Neapolitan hand tailoring—more time than those American artisans spend on your T-shirts—why should this suit be cheap? Wool overcoat (\$3,300) and three-button single-breasted three-piece wool suit (\$5,390) by Stone, cotton shirt (\$140), tie by Robert Talbot, cufflinks—solid wood tie (\$170), Best of Show by Robert Talbot, cuff more wool (\$120) by Turnbull & Asser, 18-karat gold watch (\$11,900) by Rolex, 18-karat gold ring (\$975) and 18-karat gold cufflinks (\$1,400) by Cartier.

ESQUIRE STYLE

Only one person has to know how much you indulge yourself: you. This suit's unstructured shape and its like handway draw attention away from the fact that it's made out of superluxe wool. In fact, each of the buttons is cut material like this in a suit this casual is what luxury is all about. Double-breasted wool coat (\$3,300), three-button single-breasted wool suit (\$5,390), and wool 18-karat gold watch (\$1,400) by Cartier, cufflinks—solid wood tie (\$170) by Robert Talbot, cuff more wool (\$120) by Turnbull & Asser, 18-karat gold watch (\$11,900) by Rolex.



STYLING BY JAMES N. DICK

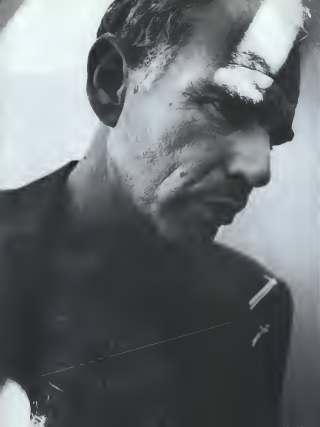
DECEMBER 2011 ESQUIRE 71



You happen upon the small mill in Biella You discover a hole of cashmere fine enough to make your eyes well up. You have your Moncler jacket. Great, but you're still outdoors. Go to the shop, a women's section and give her hand on your chest. You wake up from your dream. You market yourself with the new best thing. You buy a suit and coat on something fabric and give it all with a solid—blue, a solid—gold watch. Solid, you can't buy the women. Cashmere jacket (\$2,000) and double-breasted cashmere suit (\$1,800) by Fel Zelen. Darker, cashmere suit (\$1,800) by David Cenci. Cashmere coat (\$1,100) by Tusherry. Darker, cashmere suit (\$1,800) by Leon Tuen. 48-hour gold watch (\$20,000) by Cartier. For more on fashion see page 100. For style, tips, news, and more—plus over 100 of the cool list new styles and more to buy them—visit go.com/fall.



Take sheep. Shear. Weave. Tailor Yes, what else groups will lead us as seriously as said, but to take the time to select only the finest material, so we can make fabric like the one this suit and overcoat feature, and to then cut and sew it by hand in a draped body better than you ever thought it could. For the remaining pure idea to art—as in Biella, not just from. Double-breasted cashmere coat (\$2,000) and suit (\$1,800) by Guccio Gucci. Dark, hand-made cashmere shirt (\$1,100) and cashmere suit (\$1,800) by Tusherry. Cashmere suit (\$1,100) by Paul Smith. Accessories, a 48-hour gold watch (\$20,000) by Cartier. 48-hour gold watch (\$2,000) by Omega. 48-hour gold watch (\$2,000) by Omega.



BY DANIEL VOLL

he can't count on a night

HE'S WRITING, DIRECTING, OR
STARRING IN
THE BEST
OF THE BEST
MOVIES
FOR THE BEST
OF THE BEST
YEARS. JEREMY
CAMERON IS
WORKING ON
THE ALBUM
OF HIS MAJOR
HIS FIFTH WIFE
IS ONE OF
THE MOST
BEAUTIFUL
AND TALENTED
WOMEN IN
THE WORLD.
AND HE'S
RARELY BEEN
SEEN IN FIVE
MONTHS. HE
CAN'T SLEEP
IN HIS OWN
HOUSE. BILLY
BOY THORNTON
HAS TROUBLE
SLEEPING
OFF ALL



"He knows the industry and there is nobody 'You've got people who only want to see someone screw an apple pie. But some people are sick and tired of it. They want new stuff again. We did the movie the way they used to do it."

All the *Pretty Maids* is a modern epic, with "interiors out of *Sling Blade*" and "outdoors that look like John Ford," with a big budget and big stars, directed by a guy who's never been trusted with more than a few million dollars before.

"I think the natural tendency these days is to use one of the big guys to direct. I'm not one of them."

One of newborn, someone asks, "When are you going to London?" Billy Bob's fear of flying is famous. Before he gets on a plane, he'll call his mother, who is gossipy, to ask her if it's safe. He'll go over the route on a map, he says. "If Angel [his wife] tells him on the Jack the Ripper tour."

It's quiet for a minute, and then Billy Bob speaks. "You know she won't do anything to hurt me, because she knows it'll hurt her more," he says.

He orders more cigarettes and gets up to go pee. As he's walking back, he's already talking. He seems excited, maybe excited. "Did you ever look at a woman when she's asleep, and you think, Who the fuck is that?" he says, and she does. "And like, the moonlight's coming in when you're sleeping next to her at night and you can kind of see her face—and she looks like a fucking monster? This might be somebody you've been with for years. And you look at her, and it's like, Who is that's name is that? Why—she's a stranger. What is she doing here? I don't even know her. And much of the daytime, you're like, 'Oh, honey, I love you. Are you okay? How was today?' But when she's asleep, that's how you really feel about her."

8:00 p.m., same night

Billy Bob bleeds Cardinal red, but the Dodgers will do for tonight. He got good tickets and decided to catch a game. Back in Mulvane, Arkansas, Billy Bob was a hometown baseball hero, the promising kid who got a major league tryout at catcher, got called by a bad throw, and broke his collarbone. "That's something the movies or entertainment that feels like the third pitch that strikes a guy out," he says.

A couple years ago, after *Sling Blade* made him famous, he was invited to throw the first pitch at a St. Louis game. He drove all night from Little Rock to a nearby town after a day of filming. "When I walked out there to the mound with a Cardinal's shirt on, it was like a dream," he says. As a star-

If your dog had backbones, you could get him braces."

"Oh, well, that's just ridiculous," Odessa says.

"Not if you're a back-moored dog!" Billy Bob says.

True. That writer is, a stout, soft-spoken black man in his twenties. Just an assistant director around town and Billy Bob's bowling buddy.

"You got a marriage appointment?" Billy Bob asks Jane.

"Not on me," Jane says.

Billy Bob is happy and loose, and he wants to have fun. He wants to have fun like Sinatra did, all right and whenever the hell he wanted. He can't wait for the house to be up and running so that he can get a little of that Southern Rat Pack feeling. A good table, some Pinot, and a Velveteen pup of his own desire.

"Where are all my little?" Billy Bob opens his eyes. "I know I have more babies than that! Odessa, call people! Tell 'em to come over!"

"We tried to call everybody," Krutznick says. "We told them it was a private party."

"What's wrong with the word?" Billy Bob asks.

"Everybody's tired," Krutznick says.

"Well, I'm tired too."

The big-screen TV in an upstairs room is on, but muted. Bill Clinton's face appears. "When he leaves office, he's going to be tempted," Billy Bob says, peering at the screen, checking a Marlowe. "Chasing pussy is a form of Truman's syndrome. The same thing that makes you want to drink or kill or build cobblets or whatever. It's an itch that you've got to scratch. And once you've scratched it just right, you have a habit."

They're long out, Billy Bob and the president. Clinton accused Alvin Karpis at the White House. "I like the guy," Billy Bob says. "If he was asleep right now on that couch, with his socks on and grey pants, I'd start dosing, and you'd look at his socks, some kind of fucking American socks, and he'd be lying there, and you'd look at him a little, but the way you look at your son or your daughter or your brother. You'd look at him with pity. I mean that is an interesting way, like he's just one of us."

Also, Billy Bob's chief, shows up, along with a Moral screen and a producer and a guy in a suit. Also says that during the filming of *All the Pretty Horses*, he had to tell Adriano to "lead out from his means how to make chocolate gravy and banana." Billy Bob returns him a story about the night he saw a woman having sex off at a grocery store. This was in Santa Fe late at night, after a day of shooting *All the Pretty Horses*, when Billy Bob and a couple of the girls were looking for a midnight snack. "We've always been subjected to various kinds of sexual," Billy Bob says.

"C'mon, C'mon!" Odessa says.

"Golden Groceries?" Krutznick says.

"There was a guy there looking like an elf, just throwing his head back, during the whole thing I have that shot. I have that shot."

The party never

becomes more than this. Merly, a couple girls, and a dog at the couch. It's a work night. The girls want to go home.

Billy Bob's got a joke. Won't they stay to hear it? "So Kubla and I want to decide they're going to go back to school..." He turns to Odessa. "You know this one, right?"

"No!" Her voice is rising now, a little irritated. "I don't know what you're talking about."

Billy Bob looks at her.

"It'll tell you in the morning," she says.

"Well, you call me at 8:00?" Billy Bob asks grumpy. "And again at 6:00? I need like nine wake-up calls."

The girls are gone.

"It's a holy day!" Billy Bob says softly. "Elena died today." When Billy Bob was two, his mother took him out to the highway to watch as the king's bus passed by their little town. They stood close by the road, waving.

He stretches out on the couch, his physical depletion starting to show. His enthusiasm is fading. He seems tired. "I know I'm compulsive," he says. "I'm hungry for the horrible shit, but I can't do that. Not anymore. I got something good, and I'm not gonna mess it up." It's quite late, going on 2:00, and he's tired and rambling off to himself. He's thinking about his father. "Some of the things he loved me things I love, even though he said I didn't know each other or get along. And I have some of his traits." He says that when his father got upset, he'd go wrong, disappear. "That's me, too," he says.

His voice is rising. Some secondary twitches. Sometimes he gets so tired that he has to stare to watch. He'll blink his eyes and his whole face seems to blink. He just doesn't have the reserves he had when he was young.

"But my father didn't like music," he says. "He did. He might be the only man I ever met who didn't like music. There were two songs he liked—'Roll the Dice' by the Meters and 'Enter Paradise.' It seemed incongruous." He's trying so softly now, almost whispering. "Just about the magic and wonder of childhood was the hard, cold facts about loss, and the other one is a celebration with love." He begins to hum, closing his eyes, and then he sings softly. "To your father home, with all the girls open, or I'll be the greatest lady in the Enter Paradise."

He wants to go

downstairs. He wants to hear the new song he wrote. "Stately as the Black Horse." They follow the screen down the stairs into Elena's bedroom, where Merly and Jane, the caregivers, are behind the glass. Jane and Billy Bob sit on the little couch. It's a song about screen doors and myrtle bushes and love, about memory and desire and loss. A little child guitar, but mostly Billy Bob's voice. It's a spoken word song, now, stopped down, a court-circuit guitar. Leonard Cohen.

"Big, that's a happy western story you got on," Billy Bob says to Merly. "You got to a singer."

"Yeah, I'm going to a singer," Merly says.

And then Billy Bob sings another song, called "Pensive Henry." His voice is shaky. He drives out in his e-mail to a friend. And everywhere at night, I call out her name.

"Memos are supposed to reflect what's going on in your life," Merly says.

Billy Bob laughs. "Then I'm fucked."

There's darkness all around, as the evening shadows fall. Time keeps dragging by, but the air's coming home on all.

Billy Bob looks at the music, his fingers touching his lips. He likes the song, likes where it's going. He knows his lips, you can't tell. His eyelids slip down, then open, then, in a few seconds, he'll have his hand down so low that he'll be in the hospital. But for now, he's got to be up in a few hours, working. His cough will become bronchitis, and his weakness will follow his heart. But in the morning, the extra will be waiting for him. And he'll rush from London to his side. But for now, he folds his hands, needs them between his knees. The doctor will tell him, You know, Billy Bob, you don't have to stress yourself and eat deep. And Billy Bob, in a burst of light, will promise himself to go on living. But now, his shoulder hunch. The music sounds good, like a dream from childhood. His eyes close.

Billy Bob Thornton is asleep.



Norelco Rechargeable Shaver \$149.99* \$99.99 after rebate

Our new spokesperson is a man of few words. Scratch that. Our new spokesperson is a man of one word - "rebate." But don't object, because that's all we do - offer brand name items then throw a wind of cash back at you. And that's cash you can pocket or use for more great stuff - from gifts to toys to housewares to you name it. Not only that - we have hundreds of products that are FREE. So check out CyberRebate.com/mrebate. We couldn't have said it better ourselves.



Norelco's Quadra Acent® NRS-CL
Norelco's most advanced razor price

CyberRebate
Buy stuff and get cash to
buy stuff and get cash to
buy stuff and get cash to



WHAT TO DO WHEN DROUTH *Waggoner says even the best crops don't fare well in the drought, which helps her husband's eat and drink store offer the most succulent items, nature has to offer. Customers are snoring.* The Bartonsburg eatery \$4.99, chicken-fried meat & 100. indianacountry.com by George Winters, www.fox.com

A CANADIAN MEETING With her 1992 Little Nell Medal, actress Joan Armatage (shown) and her husband, actor John Armatage, were among the winners of the 2002 Canadian Screen Awards. The awards ceremony was held in Vancouver, British Columbia, on June 10, 2002. (Photo by [unreadable])



LIKE OTHER SKI TOWNS, Aspen attracts its share of transients, whose tales tell of sex thrills and midnight rousers only to find the disco is just blaring, and visitors must find other nighttime attractions. But Aspen spent time in the past. Snap from shooting center (left), wilderness trails, and nature area (right) (see page 10)

[illegible]

[illegible]

FOR STORE INFORMATION SEE PAGE 88. PRODUCED BY CAROLINE SASETE. GROOMING BY ERIC SHARLO FOR RICE. A
FOR STYLING: TONYA WARD. HAIR: BOBBI KATZ FOR L'ORÉAL. MAKEUP: JESSICA L. COLEMAN.

9

Signs We're Already in a Recession

I believe we are at the beginning of an overall economic slowdown. Not a crash, but an extended breather, a chance for the realities of the world's markets to catch up to the world's prices. Here's why I think the long-term, deep-cut slowdown that didn't happen two years ago might just be happening now.

BY KEVIN KURSON

1 Start-up capital The IPO market has cooled dramatically with nearly 250 companies left at the altar this year. Could the public markets really need more hot two-month-delivery companies—Gigamonster and iStockphoto—sitting on their heels? That's a good thing. It leaves more money on the table for legitimate deals, and many of the most aggressive IPO-for-venture-capitalists will have backed down into the rubble signs. It's really a mystery in what capacity including power stars. See market capitalization below and the number of IPOs that have become the sign of a new era in the world's economy—what used to be the very best of times. More IPOs than ever, but not as much as a company's earnings, how much it's growing, and how much it will raise and invest in the next year. More IPOs than ever, but not as much as a company's earnings, how much it's growing, and how much it will raise and invest in the next year.

2 Energy prices. When the price of the most essential commodity in the world economy spikes just a couple of years, it's almost a sure sign that the economy is in a recession. The price of oil has risen from \$10 a barrel to \$30 a barrel in the last two years. The price of natural gas has risen from \$4 a barrel to \$10 a barrel in the last two years. The price of wheat has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years. The price of corn has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years. The price of soybeans has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years. The price of cotton has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years. The price of rice has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years. The price of sugar has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years. The price of coffee has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years. The price of tea has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years. The price of tobacco has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years. The price of cotton has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years. The price of rice has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years. The price of sugar has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years. The price of coffee has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years. The price of tea has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years. The price of tobacco has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years.



PHOTO: ILLUSTRATION BY RAY HARRISON

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5 Technical indicator meltdown. Since 1929, a venture capitalist's indicator of the market's performance is the price of the most essential commodity in the world economy. The price of oil has risen from \$10 a barrel to \$30 a barrel in the last two years. The price of natural gas has risen from \$4 a barrel to \$10 a barrel in the last two years. The price of wheat has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years. The price of corn has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years. The price of soybeans has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years. The price of cotton has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years. The price of rice has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years. The price of sugar has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years. The price of coffee has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years. The price of tea has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years. The price of tobacco has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years.

6 Credit crunch. Banks are reluctant to loan money, and so they tend to be fairly conservative when it comes to lending. The price of oil has risen from \$10 a barrel to \$30 a barrel in the last two years. The price of natural gas has risen from \$4 a barrel to \$10 a barrel in the last two years. The price of wheat has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years. The price of corn has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years. The price of soybeans has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years. The price of cotton has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years. The price of rice has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years. The price of sugar has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years. The price of coffee has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years. The price of tea has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years. The price of tobacco has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years.

7 My gut. The indicator is hard to quantify, but I suspect I'm not alone in feeling that the economy is in a recession. The price of oil has risen from \$10 a barrel to \$30 a barrel in the last two years. The price of natural gas has risen from \$4 a barrel to \$10 a barrel in the last two years. The price of wheat has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years. The price of corn has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years. The price of soybeans has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years. The price of cotton has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years. The price of rice has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years. The price of sugar has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years. The price of coffee has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years. The price of tea has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years. The price of tobacco has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years.

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The euro. As the Continental currency struggles, our friends are probably already looking for a way to avoid the problems of the euro. The price of oil has risen from \$10 a barrel to \$30 a barrel in the last two years. The price of natural gas has risen from \$4 a barrel to \$10 a barrel in the last two years. The price of wheat has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years. The price of corn has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years. The price of soybeans has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years. The price of cotton has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years. The price of rice has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years. The price of sugar has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years. The price of coffee has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years. The price of tea has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years. The price of tobacco has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years.

3 Account gap worsening. The account gap is the difference between the amount of money that is coming in and the amount of money that is going out. The price of oil has risen from \$10 a barrel to \$30 a barrel in the last two years. The price of natural gas has risen from \$4 a barrel to \$10 a barrel in the last two years. The price of wheat has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years. The price of corn has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years. The price of soybeans has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years. The price of cotton has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years. The price of rice has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years. The price of sugar has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years. The price of coffee has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years. The price of tea has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years. The price of tobacco has risen from \$4 a bushel to \$10 a bushel in the last two years.

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By WIL S. HYLTON

"Come on in here," an FBI agent grabbed near the end of that piercing winter. It was the first Sunday in March, last year, and Wen Ho Lee was in his state quarantine. He had already been interviewed on January 17 and February 8 and 9. On February 10, he had met FBI agents in a San Diego airport hotel room, where he sat for six hours taking a polygraph test with the questioner standing behind him. On March 4, he had been summoned to the FBI's branch office in Santa Fe, and now, two days later, he was back again. "Can you give me just briefly," Lee asked, "what is the important part related to me?" His English was far from perfect, but he had been fortunate in finding a translator. "The important part," Special Agent Carol Covert explained, "is that there is a person at the lab that's committed espionage, and that person is you." "I, Lee, was confused. The agent had told him it wasn't necessary to have a lawyer present, and he wanted to cooperate. But do they have any proof, evidence?" he wondered. "You know, Wen Ho," Covert replied. "Washington has a bunch of facts, and the facts are that, in 1998, you went to China." "If it was true, it was also true that Lee had been to China in 1994. But this was hardly news. He had filed newspaper articles with the lab both times, telling the cases of espionage he met there. "If you want me to swear with the God or whatever, okay. I can swear if that's what you believe," Lee insisted. "Covert pressed on. "Do you know what's in the package that I got co-

Yes,

but he was not alone.
Wen Ho Lee put cameras at work,
just like many of his colleagues
at Los Alamos. But Wen Ho Lee got
caught. And then he went to jail
and there he was tormented
and in that, he is alone.

LOS ALAMOS
NATIONAL
LABORATORY,
which researchers
worked in 1945,
became 1946 is
home to the team
that built the first
atomic bomb.



day? You failed your polygraphs." It wasn't true, but Lee didn't know that yet.

"How do you know I fail?"

"I get it right here!" Covert showed, showing Lee an envelope. "I don't know why I fail. I have not done anything. I never give any classified information to Chinese people."

"You know, Wen Hsiangyi says you're going to have important knowledge one day. They're going to be knocking on the door of your friends. They're going to find your son, and they're going to say, 'You know your father it a spy?'"

"Not I... I'm not a spy."

"But Wen Hsi, some things have not happened for you not able able to pass these polygraphs."

"I don't know." Hsi pressed. "I don't know about the... the law."

"You're gonna learn it all quick when they come and they knock on your door and they get angry at heads of you say, Wen Hsi. Do you know how many people have been arrested for spy work in the United States?"

Hsi didn't. "I don't pay much attention to that," he said.

"Do you know who the Rosenbergs are?"

"The sad those, yeah."

"The Rosenbergs are the only people that never cooperated with the federal government in an espionage case. You know what happened to them? They electrocuted them. We know."

"Yeah, I heard."

"They didn't care whether they professed their innocence all day long. They electrocuted them, okay? John Walker, okay, he's another one. They're going to happen. Wen Ho. What are you going to tell your son?"

"I will open a Chinese restaurant."

"You're going where in jail, Wen Ho. And your kids are going to have to deal with that the rest of their lives, people coming in to them saying, 'They can't pay more than Wen Ho Lee pay that get arrested up at the laboratory!'"

"I know what you mean, and I know exactly what the consequences. However, I already told you the truth, and I don't have anything better than the truth."

"You know what? The Rosenbergs professed their innocence. The Rosenbergs weren't concerned, either."

"That's."

"The Rosenbergs are dead."

Guilt. That's what he said to the judge eight months later, standing there in his gray suit and his white shirt, in his black tie, looking tired. "Guilt," he said, or, rather, he pleaded, but it was a plea without remorse.

He had been in jail for nine months by then, in the bright loneliness of solitary confinement, and he had lost weight there, fifteen pounds, thinking about the evidence against him. Not the evidence they had brought at first, because at first they hadn't brought any evidence. It was the evidence they faced along the way. "That was the damning stuff" for nine months, he had been thinking about that. Nine months. He had not seen the moon.

Guilt, he said, to walk away from it all, not even the sunlight with his wife. Guilty, to be wakened finally even without his rights. Without his right to vote or his right to hear news or his right to serve as a jury. Rights he had studied and studied in his citizenship class many years ago. Guilty, he said, excepting his right to the stark New Mexico sky.

Nine months, 270 days, with his wife at home alone, until with that one word, he brought it all back and there would be someone to change or plea. But still it wasn't a plea, wasn't the way he liked things because, yes, he was guilty of a society breach, and yes, that breach was a crime. But he knew of more public, public bigger than his. Guilt that he knew public would conceal.

It began, ironically, with a leak from China. In 1994, a Chinese secret agent stole into CIA offices with a seventy-five-page document from the Chinese nuclear program. At first, the leak seemed like a triumph for the CIA, it didn't seem that way for long. Because the document contained a blueprint for an American nuclear bomb. Specifically, the "walk-in documents," as it was called, described the W-51 nuclear waste, one of the most sophisticated warheads in the U.S. nuclear arsenal. When the CIA reported this news, investigators at the Department of Energy were asked to start hunting for the mole.

Unfortunately, there were thousands of possible suspects. The W-51 had been designed in the late sixties by a small group of scientists at the Los Alamos National Laboratory in New Mexico (LANL), employees called it "Lane's," but over the next fifteen years, the blueprint had been passed through countless

hands in the Department of Defense, then on to private contractors like Lockheed Martin, where some of the parts were made. With such a broad field of potential suspects, the DOE investigators threatened to move slowly, so an agreement decided to focus the search on the Los Alamos lab.

That may have been a mistake. "This information could have come from many places," says Robert Vrooman, who was the chief counterintelligence officer at LANL until his retirement last year. "The Department of Defense only requires a full criminal records check for access to nuclear design information. Where would you say the weakness is in the system?" For DOE investigators ignored the Department of Defense and decided to concentrate on the lab. "They had an idea how the process of designing and putting a nuclear weapon into the assembly worked," Vrooman says. "I did introduce there to a senior nuclear weapons person who tried to explain the process, but it did not work. They seemed to think that if the W-48 was designed at LANL, it had to be compromised at LANL."

Once focused on the lab, DOE investigators identified the basic criteria for their search. The spy, they concluded, would be someone with access to the W-48 blueprint, who had been to China between 1944 and 1949, and who had spent at least one year working Chinese scientists. They created a list to narrow the search. To track, the lab actively encouraged its employees to visit with Chinese scientists, and over the course of five decades, those visits had provided more insight into the Chinese nuclear program than any other source, including the CIA. But it wasn't surprising when the DOE's "matrix analysis," as it was called, turned up security Los Alamos employees who had visited China during the specified years. In fact, there may have been even more. "They missed a large group," says Vrooman. "The list of security should be about eighty-five. From that list, they narrowed it down to twelve who were supposed to have access to the W-48, but the list of twelve really contained people who had no access and, in some cases, no security clearance. To make this even more puzzling, there were people on the list of security who should have been on the list at twelve but were missing. All of this was a happy investigation."

Vrooman expressed his concern about the investigation early in his last day. "Efficiency was a crucial response in identifying Lee as a suspect," he wrote in a letter to Senator Carroll F. Bricker. "Conclusions with the same background as Lee were ignored."

Once Lee had been singled out, the FBI began to watch him, bringing him in for interviews and polygraph tests. During the last of these tests, on its twenty-10, investigators asked him, "Have you ever voluntarily transmitted classified information to a third party?" Lee's response was no, and, according to the polygraph results, he was telling the truth. But FBI agents remained suspicious, bringing Lee back to the FBI office without a lawyer or a translator, saying that he had failed the polygraphs, suggesting him to John Rosenberg, then director of the FBI's Los Alamos office.

That day after those threats, Wen Ho Lee started looking for a lawyer. But still he told his family not to worry. He, he told them, innocent people are safe. And when, a few days later, the FBI pulled an insurance act of cars and agents outside his house for two four-hour surveillance. Lee tried to demonstrate his goodwill by bringing them his green tea and fresh fruit, wanting to seem confident. Some days he would even check his food time, picking up his fishing gear and driving across the desert up into the nearby range of Cerro Tronador, where he would take by the river with the agent's behind him, all laughing and chatting together, keeping an eye on Lee as he fished for trout.



which the FBI came to search. Lee's office in March, but it seemed possible, maybe even probable, that they would find something. With so much classified information lying around, it's easy to make a mistake. It happens. Or it can. You just see the wrong piece of paper on top of the wrong stack, thus file it in the wrong drawer, or you even compare file numbers or you forget to destroy a memo. Mistakes like this are even now, and they seemed especially possible for Wen Ho, who was known as the office peck rat, with his nearly endless supply of ditto-printed to be sure of it, labeled and stamped with his name. But it is also possible to make a mistake that is not so easy to correct. That if it was possible to find something, Lee would be needed in the usual fashion, with a slap on the wrist or a written warning. After all, this wasn't China. It wasn't even an arbitrary lab.



18 MARCH 1998. (Top) Wen Ho, a Los Alamos National Laboratory physicist, is escorted by FBI agents. (Bottom) Wen Ho, a Los Alamos National Laboratory physicist, is escorted by FBI agents. (Bottom) Wen Ho, a Los Alamos National Laboratory physicist, is escorted by FBI agents.

When some of these agents came to his door with a search warrant on April 30, Lee let them in, then went outside to place the apple tree while they rifled through his belongings. His next-door neighbors, the Marshalls, saw the search team enter, and they called out, claiming that Lee wandered over and told them, "No problem. He had known Don and Joan for twenty years, and he didn't want them to worry." Their kids had grown up together, often sharing making mud castles in the backyard, and learning games from Joan. They often saw one another while they worked in their gardens, and Wen Ho would always come to his friends to tease the kids. "Why do you waste your time growing flowers?" he would ask, but eyes averted with smiles. Then he would hand them fresh peas and cabbage and walk back to his crops, chins high. Even at work, in the laboratory's top secret X division, Wen Ho and Don would hang out sometimes, sitting in Don's office, telling jokes and snapping stories about their kids.

Of course, nobody at the lab, including Don, knew what to expect

to be sure of it, labeled and stamped with his name. But it is also possible to make a mistake that is not so easy to correct. That if it was possible to find something, Lee would be needed in the usual fashion, with a slap on the wrist or a written warning. After all, this wasn't China. It wasn't even an arbitrary lab.

At first, the Los Alamos National Laboratory was a government facility, a busy military operation under the aegis of the United States. After learning from Albert Einstein that the Nazis were splitting atoms and that the process, known as fission, could be used to build a superbomb, Roosevelt ordered the Pentagon to open a fission laboratory.

The site the Pentagon chose for the lab was at the top of a mesa about twenty-seven miles from Santa Fe, where nobody ever went. There had never even been a town there, and it would soon be called that double as a warning place for the Top Secret Troop 21 in January 1943, the school held its early graduation at the Pentagon's request, then abandoned the site to make room for a secret of Albuquerque construction workers. But the next two years, the lab would be officially nothing more than Post Office Box 16055, Santa Fe, New Mexico.

The first big problem with the lab was that nobody wanted to work there. Most of America's best scientists were at universities, where they enjoyed liberal funding and little oversight. Few were willing to make the transition to a military facility. So in February 1943, facing a personnel crisis, Pentagon officials got creative. They approached the University of California with an offer: If the UC Board of Regents would take nominal control of the laboratory, handling paychecks, traveling expenses, and nearby administrative duties, the Pentagon would agree to provide the university with an annual \$1 million budget.

The low price of the proposal, however, revealed that the university would not be involved in much of anything other than their leading edge. UC administrators would run the day-to-day affairs of the lab, would not even know its purpose or location. In this arrangement, the lab would exist in a no-man's-land, officially an academic site but funded by the government, with oversight from neither. Some members of the UC Board of Regents recognized that the deal was a sham, so the request's terms

very part of it. "It's very definitely seemed to be that the university, as a corporation, was to be almost a straw man in this arrangement." But when Pentagon officials vaguely explained that the lab would contribute to the war effort, the request's secretary canceled, and the UC Board agreed to manage the lab in an act of "public service."

It was a relationship born of wartime necessity, and, ultimately, the same kinds of management issues today. Just as in the early years, it did the work with UC at the helm, a slew of top scientists killed the laboratory. By 1944, the lab had fifty-five hundred employees, and a year later that, fifty-seven hundred. Many scientists were disgruntled to discover, on arrival, that their homes were equipped with coal stoves, that their families would share bathrooms with other families, and that, in some cases, more than one family would bunk together in a single room. But they understood that this was only a temporary facility with a singular goal to build the world's first nuclear bomb, a device they called the Gadget.

Like so many things in physics, the nuclear bomb is a fairly simple concept that becomes tricky to build in the details. It's a small device, a matter of a few inches in diameter, that uses fission to build the process of splitting atoms apart and release the process of building big together.

To build a modern code or bomb like the W-49, you start with a hollow sphere made of plutonium, twelve centimeters in diameter. Then you inject the sphere with D-T gas (a combination of deuterium and tritium) and surround the whole thing with high explosives. To detonate it, you ignite the explosives, creating the plutonium sphere and causing it to reach critical mass. At critical mass, the plutonium atoms begin to split, or fission, and each fissioned atom releases a charge of energy as well as one loose neutron. The loose neutrons—supplemented by an advance called a neutron initiator—cause even more plutonium to fission, starting a self-reinforcing chain reaction. As neutrons collide with plutonium fission, increasing it in exponential rise, the energy created by the process changes the D-T gas until the deuterium and tritium bond. That's fusion, which releases even more neutrons, causing even more plutonium to fission. By the time all this fissioning occurs, the sphere is swarmed in neutrons and energy, which bombards a compound called SGD, firing even more D-T gas. Unsurprisingly with all this energy swirling around that gas, the new deuterium and tritium atoms bond, forming a secondary stage of fusion, a pure sphere of light that runs into the sky like the bursts into a fifty-thousand-foot mushroom cloud. And, if you're lucky, it never happens again.

Wen Ho and Wen Ho were years old when Los Alamos scientists tested the Gadget. He lived in Taiwan, a Japanese territory, where food was rationed sparingly. Every day, a Japanese soldier would enter the Lee house to see where the family was eating. Figuring that the youngster at the family would be the least likely to be, the soldier would point at Wen Ho and ask, "How many bowls of rice have you eaten today?" Wen Ho was silent, and he always said, "One."

The food rationing ended in 1945, when the dream of LAMP, the Hiroshima and Nagasaki. But no sooner had the Japanese army retreated from Taiwan than the Chinese nationalists moved on. The nationalists were barely more welcome than the Japanese, and in the year that Wen Ho was seven, many Taiwanese were slaughtered in an unsuccessful revolt. Two years later, the

nationalists were overthrown by communists on the mainland, and the national leader, Chiang Kai-shek, fled to Taiwan, bringing his troops and his followers with him.

People like Wen Ho, the United States government supported the nationalists. Taiwan, perhaps, fit it of sorts in part of the east. In spite of any lingering resentment toward Chiang Kai-shek, most Taiwanese were grateful for the U.S. presence. But by the early 1950s, with the mainland and its launching attacks, many islands had become frustrated with all the years of struggle and in 1955, several with a bachelor's degree and a passport, Wen Ho Lee left his country. His parents were back home, and the future in Taiwan looked promising. It was time to find a new home.

In America, Lee aspired to steady earnings, a master's degree in 1956, then a Ph.D. in 1958, getting married, raising children—a girl, Albert, and a boy, Chang—and becoming, in 1970, a naturalized U.S. citizen. By 1980, he had established himself as an American of lives, building a house in White Rock, just two miles from the lab, and starting a career at the UC facility, working away from the violent events of his homeland.

Lee had changed in recent days by the time Wen Ho Lee joined the lab. For one thing, in the early days, there had been no computers, just a main file of names with calculators. By 1975, though, the new process had been implemented, and the backbone of the operation was in code. There were codes for everything. Codes to describe the physical properties of plutonium. Codes to calculate how neutron and proton would react to shock waves. Codes to describe what each bomb looked like. Codes to specify when each part on the bomb would happen. There were even codes to make nuclear explosions. By 1983, the nuclear explosions had replaced actual testing, which had been phased out over a period of thirty years by a series of non-fusion tests. And with the increased risk of computer manipulation, code development was at the heart of the lab's activities.

Wen Ho Lee was a code developer. He wrote codes, for nuclear codes, sometimes corrected codes. Specifically, he took codes that describe the effects of extreme heat and pressure on raw materials like plutonium. The trouble with codes, though, was that a body of work could be read with a few error message clicks. That happened sometimes at Los Alamos. Files were lost, networks crashed. Lee had personally learned that his share of files on the faculty computer system. Once, when the automatic backup system malfunctioned, he lost a year's work. After that, the lab administration issued a memo asking employees to back up their work independently on tapes and disks.

When the FBI shut down the laboratory to search Lee's office in April 1998, agents paid special attention to his computer. In fact, they performed the most thorough computer search in the history of the FBI, searching through four terabytes of information, or about one million files. They were looking for evidence that would tie Lee to the well-known document, something to show that he had given the W-49 blueprint to the Chinese. In the course of their search, however, something else happened.

According to his computer records, Lee had downloaded 446 megabytes of information from a classified computer onto two portable tapes in the mid-nineties. Strictly speaking, that wasn't illegal. Lee had 44 megabytes, which was more than sufficient to make tapes of nuclear codes. What was illegal was the way he had made those tapes, by manipulating the classification system. He hadn't downloaded the files directly from the source computer's tape. Instead, he had deeply decrypted the files, moved

Guastavino's, where the walls are brick and the bar is a bar, offering no view, should get a nod.

THE TOP 22

The Definitive List of the Best New Restaurants in America

Ann Mendocino
New York, N.Y.
(Open 1991)

Annabelle's
Boston, Mass.
(Open 1991)

Arto
Boston
(Open 1992)

Brumptown
Boston
(Open 1991)

(BEST NEW RESTAURANT) GUASTAVINO'S



T took almost seven years to put a restaurant in the twenty-six thousand square feet of vaulted space under New York's Queensborough Bridge (also known as the Fifty-ninth Street Bridge), and now that Sir Terence Conran has done an such breathtaking

bravo, all I can say is that it was worth the wait. New York municipal structures are notorious for bureaucratic bottlenecks, but when the city's historic commission begged Conran to undertake the renovation, it granted no detail with regard to the night so that each a grand space wouldn't be lost to the

every rule. With partner Joel Rosen, who's known for his London restaurants like Quaglino's, Mirano, and the new Aquana are masters of whimsical rules—has brought one of New York's cat-draws of history to a level of reality and glamour so other restaurants in the world can't even dream of. Your first steps upon approaching the vast four-thousand-square-foot wall of arched windows below the space of the bridge. Once inside, your eyes are drawn immediately upward to the forty-foot ground ceiling whose creamy blond air work was finished by Rafael Guastavino y Martinez and his son, Rafael Guastavino y Martinez, the master of the style who came to New York in 1890 and created the ceiling in the Great Hall on Ellis Island as well as the soaring vault of Grand Central Terminal's Oyster Bar. There is a fifty-foot bar, always jammed after 6:00 p.m., and beyond it is a three-hundred-seat barroom with a glassed-in kitchen. This restaurant features the extraordinary interplay of light and shadow for which Conran's rooms are famous. The place is filled with the sound of hundreds of people enjoying themselves, talking, laughing, and eating. The place is filled with the sound of hundreds of people enjoying themselves, talking, laughing, and eating. The place is filled with the sound of hundreds of people enjoying themselves, talking, laughing, and eating.

There are a few other things to note: the food is excellent, the service is excellent, the atmosphere is excellent, and the location is excellent. The restaurant is a masterpiece of design and architecture, and it is a pleasure to be there. The restaurant is a masterpiece of design and architecture, and it is a pleasure to be there. The restaurant is a masterpiece of design and architecture, and it is a pleasure to be there.

Small Is Beautiful

In complete contrast to the gargantuan glories of the past, a number of superb, sophisticated eateries have opened around the country, proving that smallness, focus, and commitment can be every bit as alluring as the bounding sprawl of a four-hundred-seater. The clearest example of this is 71 Clinton Fresh Food (71 Clinton Street, 212-614-6900)

in New York. Fresh Food, previously home to Ray's Cheesecake, is a top shop where fresh food is served to a few sets. Inside, you get Mexican omelets, brown paper-wrapped rubens, and great plastic bistro-queens piped in orange. But much the pushiest thing is a bar of some of the best.

But customers, who may wait four weeks for a reservation, don't come here for the Lower East Side. They come for chef Wylie Dufresne's amazing food, all cooked out of a kitchen no larger than one found in a New York studio apartment. Not a single

iced drink, however, and system, center elsewhere on a buttered mini, perfectly, only a small amount of oil, but a small duck leg of lamb with breaded beans, a cauliflower dumpling with a duck-potato rosette, Conran's signature fish and chips, quickly made with Spanish post-chrome, eggs Benedict, remarkably crisp french fries, blackberry buns with cream, and so on. It's a small space, but it's a small space, and it's a small space.

To the right as you enter, at 459 East Fifty-ninth Street (212-612-2100), is a sweeping small restaurant looking up to the two-hundred-year-old Club Guastavino, where chef David Orr serves out elegant food-price dinners that show off his talent for both innovation and precision. His fragrant, as well as his talent for both innovation and precision. His fragrant, as well as his talent for both innovation and precision. His fragrant, as well as his talent for both innovation and precision.

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Cole
New York
(Open 1991)

Graded
New York
(Open 1991)

Gravim
New York
(Open 1991)

DINE
New York
(Open 1991)

Guastavino's
New York
(Open 1991)

Johnny's Bistro
New York
(Open 1991)

Ling
New York
(Open 1991)

Madison
New York
(Open 1991)

Melrose
New York
(Open 1991)

The Dining Room
New York
(Open 1991)

NYC
New York
(Open 1991)

NYC
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NYC
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(Open 1991)

NYC
New York
(Open 1991)

Best New Trend

• **EXPERIMENTAL**
LOCAL AMERICAN
 (that does require
 not just local but
 also imported
 at the time)

Worst New Trends

• **EXPERIMENTAL**
EXPERIMENTAL
 (that does require
 not just local but
 also imported
 at the time)

• **WHITENESS**
 (that does require
 not just local but
 also imported
 at the time)

• **BLACK BEANS**
 (that does require
 not just local but
 also imported
 at the time)

• **BLACK BEANS**
 (that does require
 not just local but
 also imported
 at the time)

• **BLACK BEANS**
 (that does require
 not just local but
 also imported
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• **BLACK BEANS**
 (that does require
 not just local but
 also imported
 at the time)

• **BLACK BEANS**
 (that does require
 not just local but
 also imported
 at the time)

• **BLACK BEANS**
 (that does require
 not just local but
 also imported
 at the time)

Gone Up in Smoke

• **BLACK BEANS**
 (that does require
 not just local but
 also imported
 at the time)

Like Fresh Food Market's on Pease (202 Pease de La Cote Boulevard, 305-446-2804) in Coral Gables, Florida, is all about dedication, not desire. Their cuisine was one of the masters of what is now called New World Cuisine, a concept based on an untapped Caribbean flavors infused up into cuisines containing sometimes obscure plates of easily digestible elements. Even so, their food was always restrained, and now, at this pretty storefront, together with his wife, Ana-Lucia, and brother, Jerry-Marc, he has returned to his French roots. It would be absurd to find more than three perfect seasonal ingredients in any of Oudin's dishes, but every flavor is utterly natural and strong. In any event, in barely a week, they returned to roasted red-pepper butter sea bass is cooked in a potato crust, sautéed crisp, then laid heavily buttery browned links in a classic cayenne-peppered sauce made in the robustness of ray duck breast comes with the green crunch of sautéed cabbage and sweet mustard apples tempered with a shot of honey and lime. Finally, it is that rare thing in the Miami area: a restaurant empty at noon and full of good food.

Edward Kuba, a chef/interior philosopher in Oudin, has left the security of the very good Monogram at the Palmport Southeast Plaza to open his own place, Mediterranean 7377 East Fourth Avenue, 305-431-4400, in Scottsdale, Arizona. From the outside, Mediterranean is any anonymous Southwest shop, a well-kept building with a patio. And from the inside, with the inevitable new still and wrought-iron accents, it looks like an more Casa Zorro. But after the first round of

civil Kuba's supplier turns with lamb, venison, and kasson cheese in roasted garlic-and-onion sauce, you'll know you're in for something very different.

Edwin works a Mediterranean palette with flavors and herbs. He makes a soup of white-bean hummus, mango-silverfish, and a glass of tomato sauce, carry-rubbed squash with apple sauce, olives, sour cream, and potato pancakes honey-glazed and deep with pungent potatoes and green-onion stuffed with red sauce. The combination of such dishes can be risky, but in Kuba's hands they are sure bets to impress guests who love cooking, going out.

Up in Boston, the owners of the general back bay dining room L'Epicerie—Frank McClelland and David Gardner—have gone down market with the charming that de la Terre (255 State Street, 617-738-1300), set right across from the name-ending Big Dig. With its welcoming terra-cotta fireplace, stone floor, French white ceiling beams, and Provencal wood, de la Terre is a respite from all the traffic and noise outside, and Gardner's cooking is French bourgeois food at its best—deeply flavorful and hearty like his sun-dried tomatoes, spinach, and onion tart dotted with black olives and melted Camembert cheese. Or try the lamb shoulder grilled to bewitched beauty with peppery, crumbly goat cheese, and aged balsamic vinegar, or a ragout of juicy little-neck clams with spicy minestrone soup, potatoes, and squash. The trend is none of the best in Boston, and the shaker's best more with expensive oysters and pure-mashed potatoes will break your heart if you don't love them.

Far Out

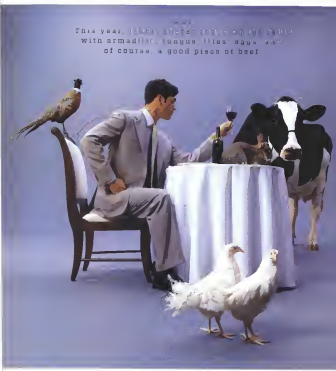
For whatever reasons, the number of chefs leaving the big city for uncertain futures in tiny towns with fewer customers is increasing steadily. Today some of the finest restaurants in America are way the hell out in the middle of nowhere. The most famous of these is the Inn at Little Washington

in Virginia, seventy miles from Washington, D.C. Though it took the Inn more than a decade to achieve national status, that working place has not deterred other chefs who seek the freedom to cook as they wish and to avoid the enormous problems rife in big-city restaurants like those depicted in Anthony Bourdain's *Kitchen Confidential*.

Like Primo in Rockland, Maine, and Café Jaws in Milwaukee, Washington (see page 164) the Inn at Little Washington (411 West Geesboro Street, 703-685-5000) in sleepy Shenandoah, New York, is a village of happy but not moving more than a dirt on the map. Situated in a nineteenth-century New York town whose main street is lined with oaks and pillared houses with vast green lawns along the railroad line, Finger Lake that gives the town its name. It's as much a baroque retreat as it is a vibrant community, so the address of

the new Marbena resort, which looks like Monet's Giverny, gives ample reason for anyone to visit. But it is a fine restaurant overlooking a big pond opened by a Japanese foodie, and how can you resist?

Chef Edward Mose assembles five-course menus drawing on the whole of New York—its apples and peaches, its corn, tomatoes, and potatoes, along with fine clucking, venison, quail, and venison. An example might start with saucy partridge and crab salad, more on so allured with a pig with cornucopia-scented anchovies. First Course is about with cultured milk and capers, vinegar-emulsified young duckling with white asparagus, and on to an irresistible peach and cherry soup dotted with brown sugar and natural vanilla and topped with caramel ice cream. Sample a New York State wine, and then go stand on that little bridge and watch the moon seeples moving the stars, and you'll understand why Edward Mose moved here.



This year, I'd like to see a good table with armadillo, fungus, blue eggs, and of course, a good piece of beef.



(CHEF OF THE YEAR) JULIA McCLASKEY

Choosing the best new chef was a breeze in 2009. Even though I was only halfway through my research for this year, I just couldn't imagine anyone cooking a more perfect meal than the one Julia McClaskey served me in the warehouse-cool **DINE** (862 Mission Street,

415-594-3463) one summer evening in San Francisco's SoMa.

It began with seared chicken livers, juicy and pink inside, sharing the plate with apple-wood-smoked bacon, eggplant greens, and tart sweet Bing cherries. There was a remarkably simple salad of grilled hearts of romaine lettuce, baby artichokes, goat cheese, and a new-drift tomato vinaigrette, followed by smothered prawns with a bright-yellow corn salad and sautéed sautéed *Mani* oysters, sprinkled with toasted sweetcorn seeds and a terrapin vinaigrette. Grilled lobster—bigger than you'd think it to do well—sautéed on creamy corn risotto with cherry tomatoes and a champagne vinaigrette, but the pièce de résistance was impeccably roasted chicken, basted with gold and still sizzling, with crisp potato ro-

asted with Parmesan cheese and sautéed pea shoots. For dessert, I ate the paragon of profiteroles, plump with coffee-bean ice cream and swimming in a dark chocolate sauce.

If such dishes sound pleasing rather than dazzling, it's because they are. But they are pleasing in the most delicious of ways: the way of pleasure. This is not comfort food; it is extraordinary in every texture, seasoning, nuance, and degree of excellence. Julia McClaskey has a fundamental understanding of her ingredients and an uncanny talent for timing that makes everything that comes out of her kitchen a personal essay on how to cook. She joins other outstanding Bay Area women chefs, like Alice Waters of Chez Panisse, Judy Rodgers of Zuni, and Tracy Des Jardins of Zed-dine, by doing precisely what she does best and by remaining as all what's good for us.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT REYNOLDS

The House of Tanqueray reminds you that drinking irresponsibly can land you in a spot of bother.



TANQUERAY LONDON



LONDON DRY GIN DISTINCTIVELY CRISP SINCE 1830

HOTFOODS



Indulgences



Indulgences



Indulgences



Indulgences



Indulgences



Indulgences



Indulgences



Indulgences



Indulgences

Best New Restaurant 2000

of duck meat with a ginger-pineapple pico de gallo, pork barbecue stuffed into a roasted poblano chile pepper and topped off with melted Chihuahua-style cheese and green mole, and the best array of desserts—including the tall pyramid of waffles encasing dark Mexican chocolate mousses in a cloud of spun sugar—I've had in any one restaurant this year. Only two or three other Mexican restaurants in the U.S. are doing food so true, and not one is doing it better.

Some of the best new women chefs have chosen to prove their muscle outside of the male-dominated kitchen of the big cities. I usually travel to, but so matter where she goes, Melissa Kelly cannot get away from me. I have followed her from the Berkeley 1780 Tavern in Bluebeek, New York, to An American Place Waterside in North Miami, and then way the hell up to New York again to the Old Chatham Shagboring Company in a tiny suburb of Albany.

So driving far up the coast of Maine to Portland was obviously required when she and her fiancé, pastry chef Price Kaufman, took over an old clapboard house and turned it into a restaurant named Prime (2 South Main Street, 203-866-8776), after Kelly's Italian grandmother. Here, for the first time, Kelly seems to be cooking wholly from her heart, fashioning a robust Italian-American menu heavy with the South province of New England—many of the plates from the garden, come not on home from the field, lobster dragged wet from the sea. There are wonderful pizzas topped with Italian sausage, tomato, and port cheese. An addictive Italian crepe called a *riccio* oozes sausage

cheese and eggplant caponata blended with basil oil. Pasta could do it better; delicate omelette stuffed with rabbit meat are lavished with melted fontina cheese, vegetables, and wild mushrooms. Main courses are equally homopop, like pilafed leg of lamb with chickpea fries and ratatouille, and local snow-white halibut with a macis-riddled risotto lobster chutney. Then comes dessert—crisp, cheese-filled cannoli dipped in chocolate and an orange-glazed pistachio popover filled with cream berries. Guys don't cook like this; they just want to meet a woman who does. Matches in the same vein as Hilary Smith, a Wisconsin woman who fell in love with Italy and Italian food and whose understanding of that country's culinary culture is evident in everything she cooks at Cafe Jacaranda in Kirkland, Washington (3900 N.E. 130th Place, 425-823-1503) live in a ranch-style house over the Jacaranda Caves, the dining room has the relaxed feel of a stateroom set, with Smith looking out from her open kitchen, making sure her guests are happy. And how could they not be, with dishes like linguine with tagliatelle, fresh chickpeas, garlic, and chili, or popovers with sautéed dill and olive oil, black Mission figs, and a touch of mascarpone? What's not to love about rustic chicken with perfectly roasted potatoes or smoky venison with home-made bacon, heirloom tomatoes, and green onions? And if you're good and eat your cheesy greens with hand-cut apples and sweet Gorgonzola dressing, you can have a slice of Hilary's casual hard lemon tart with balsamic-dressed strawberries and citrus fronds.

Italian Renaissance

The French-biased boom of the 1990s and the Nuevo Latino rage have knocked Italian restaurants out of the gastronomic headlines for the past five years or so, and for good reason. The pasta joints had become as dull as unseasoned pasta.

But Mario Batali and Joe Bastianich, truce-makers Babbo, which opened two years ago in New York, has repaid a vend now apparent in regional Italian food. Batali and Bastianich's business opened the quintessential Roman trattoria, Lupa, in Greenwich Village last year and more recently launched a novel approach to Italian seafood—raw, drizzled with twenty different types of olive oil—in the Theater District. Other New York entries like Ma Tostito, Juvet, Piccolo, and Giallorio have taken their own paths, while *Mission* got a taste of Santa Rita Italian cooking in Cyprien, and in Los Angeles, chef Celestino Drago opened the first truly authentic Tuscan steak house in the States.

But the best news of all is in Dallas, a city not known for good Italian. Owners Janet and Phil Cobb, together with chef Marco Accorato, tucked up the corner of Kelo-

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THE PAUL MASSON BRANDY MOMENT.



WHEN THE NIGHT COMES TOGETHER.

PAUL MASSON
Grande Amber
BRANDY

AGED LONGER. TASTES SMOOTHER.

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PHOTO: LISA LORRIS CHRISTENSEN

Though quiet here, the scene at Los Angeles's downtown City is normally swash to comedy and suspenseous business.

Chefs to Keep Your Eye On

• **Stationery** –
all mail sent to you
• **Stationery** –
all mail sent to you

• Roger Johnson
of Square U.
discusses all the

at San Rafael,
Cleveland 8

• *State Of Tennessee
in the Nineteenth
Century*
New York

with the 1990s. The
all-around, flexible
style. And you

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4th ed. 2003. 1000
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Journal of Internal Medicine 247: 361–368



The Grand Design

Through the mines, it looked as more import agents (David Blackwell, became as famous in the

entirety of the design, which were best exemplified in restaurants like California Grill at Walt Disney World, Cafe in New York, and Divertimento for my restaurant show series.

At the end of the twenty-first century, restaurants are having a lot more success in finding the balance between "exoticism" and caring. And the phenomenon restaurants of the new century seem to be drawing three inspiration from the TV shows and movies of the last, whether it's the Asian look of New York's Brasserie 9 1/2, the Le Monde Nôtre chef de Mimi in Chicago, or the 600' road of Accrue in Las Vegas where women are lashed from a glass tower by a Pussy Galore clone swinging through the room on a wire. Most of these restaurants are designed for sex, pop, and, inevitably, the bar area is as sleek as anything out of a Robert Moore.

Have the women of Los Angeles no pity, no restraint, no underwear? They sink into **Ling** (3338 West Third Street; 323-685-4888), their hair like something out of a UnOreal commercial, and they kiss-like the owner helps us, of course, named Mimi.

often seemed as though how a restaurant
ant than what came out of the kitchen. De-
Adam Tihary, Tony Chi, and Jordan Stace
restaurant world as old but a few chefs, and

[illegible]

The Buckhead Restaurant Group, which gave Atlanta the Buckhead Diner, the Atlanta Fish Market, and Chopra, has often copied others' concepts with great success, but with **Blueprints** (3455 Peachtree Road, 404-327-9370), Bill Johnson finally has created a restaurant sure to be copied by everyone else. On



SHEAFFER

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SHEAFFER. *Intrigue* / *Born in fire*

A 300-ft.-sq. view of the lounge at Blueprints Cafe, Indianapolis, is prepared to wow among the crowd of this swank Atlanta restaurant.

Warm! New Restaurants of the Year

• **Wine And Dab:**
Lyn Vigen
Ginseng makes
comp. food that
tastes like a
Minnie Mouse,
only pretty
brownish blue.
And tastes. And
isn't good. And
witness who
would I know
it against the front
of my face.

[illegible][illegible]

locks alone, *Elephas* is a dandy—a snooty, million-dollar spend on clothing and shoes. And, woods money goes to the bank, and carrying those 4,000 pounds that make Frank Gehry's chair in the Museum of Modern Art look like a stool. And Seattle, in this atmosphere, chef Jan Wouda has to battle for attention. His a-burle is generally won. Wouda was schooled on how to cook and eat in New York's Le Bonheur, and his catering in handling each individual's appetite. From paupers to tans, we eat out over earthshaking, even the most blasphemous Asian meetings, as if food with his name and with this built-character should be his present-owned grapes in minutes. Curry Wouda dishes the foody grill-up spiced with. This space and served with a crunchy watermelon salad come off just as well. The desert, go with the white-chocolate pinkette with a Georgia-peach compote and vanilla wafer.

In some cases, it's difficult to know whether the bar was the dining room or vice versa. **Anchorbar**, in southwest third Naples, Florida (404 938-8300), is a 541-seat, 541-3751, serious post-modernist, post-adult amusement park. Steve Seaman's design features a glowing glass bar, a wall of water, a thick tank-shaped like an ostrich egg, digital monitors in private booths, manatee plant trees, and aluminum metal sculptures—and that's just the downstairs lounge. Upstairs, you get concrete pillars with a prehistoric pattern, a lobby water wall, and twenty-six foot ceilings. The 30-to-40-foot factor is even larger here (the mascot about eating your restaurant after your wife, you just never know) that, hey this is Florida, so arrive into a booth, and the crowd around you

order from the five-hundred-label wine list, and tell the superlative Andrew Marc Rothschild to cook his stuff off for you. The result will be a level of fine American cuisine you'd be grateful to find anywhere in the U.S. He may do a diet of caviar and poached rose grass with a half-pintache-melon marmalade or parrot of crabmeat with salmon caviar, then bring out shadon proceeds with duck confit and wild mushrooms, then grilled Okras sea bass with *Proscium* vegetables, then roast rack of lamb with a potato-and-onion salad, then go on from there if you're still hungry. This man's expensive.

[illegible]

Stomachs a grand discovery has the life of eating a power that had become predictable, even disease. If you're not noticing a lack of new Fatburn meals in this list, it's not because none have appeared—there have—but because it is we doing anything more than trying to combine the dense and more delicate of these. There have been far more imagination by putting a very beautiful, large dining room called **Jazzzy's** (2400 West Ninth Street, 214-378-3000) in downtown Cleveland, great freedom in the concept with its ceilings, wavy chandeliers, and really unusual pillars that have reminded open kitchen, making the early the best restaurant design. Cleveland's **Baron** (1400 West Ninth Street, 214-378-3000) is a new place to put bar personal bar into play with dishes. It is a great black bar with wavy accents of silver and arched-on-a-bed of anatomy with a more comfortable, and mouthful wrapped with bacon and served with a potato garnish and a rich lobster sauce. The best of these ribs with truffled mustard potatoes will show of longer for at least thirty eight hours, but the very best life is staying new, so results, losing a little bit of the old to make it a marginally better, and more, and more, and more.



Square Pegs

Some restaurants don't fit conveniently into current categories of American gastronomy. Instead, they merely have the virtue of being very, very good and very, very different from what other restaurants are doing. Having learned the hard way that chefs belong

in the kitchen, not the corporate office, Gary Kleiman is back behind the stove. The site of his triumphant return is Adams's #416 (609 East Third Ferry Road, 404-353-5673), on the old Hightower Heights premises, with bleached white walls, banded metal curtains, and a chandelier best described as a purple jellyfish.

In this venue, Kleiman is in profect with southern cooking traditions—a sweet Vidalia-onion soup, fried sofrito I crabs that are massive and misty—so he is with modern American concepts like a slow-cooked pork shoulder, juicy with a slathering of balsamic vinegar and port. As filling as such dishes may be, don't let the experience and three Sample pastry chef Kathryn Klag's black-glazed waffles in a nutty syrup or natural lemon cake with ginger ice cream, or red sorbetto perfect with mussels made sauce. In a culturally extended city where chain restaurants like the Cheesecake Factory are revered, Arts is a refreshing alternative. Now, if only the management would advise the grown men who show up in blue jeans to go home and change.

Many of the renowned New Orleans restaurants familiar to tourists in the Big Easy could use a refresher course in cooking and hospitality. They need someone to tell them that yesterday's reputation doesn't make tomorrow's need. Or they could just give one remarkable visit to Gumbo (212 Magazine Street, 504-582-9000), which refuses to believe. Circle all very traditions with a modern twist that makes them taste even better. Chef Richard "Rings" Starr conjures authentic Creole and Cajun flavors by working almost exclusively with Louisiana products, pairing cagey mirliton (a local pear-shaped pseudosquid) with spicy shrimp, or refuting a flaky popovers with tomato remoulade and cayenne butter. Even the requisite trout belly chicken takes on a magical edge with greens smothered in hot tasso ham and onion fritters, as does the duck breast, served over sautéed and nestled in a bed of Ragout pecan risotto. Serving this menu in a very comfortable brass-walled, antiques-strewn dining room with extremely casual service and a down-and-out commitment to wine (by the glass, always varietal), Gumbo maps a new direction in New Orleans cuisine—one the old masters would do well to follow.

Forgive NoMI (160 North Michigan Avenue,

Chicago, 83-335-1134) for the cop screams ("North Michigan Avenue"), but praise it for everything else. The dining room's decor—a grand expanse of white wood evocative of the lake, the subtle use of rosewood and Italian-marble tiles and beams wrapped in leather—pales when compared with the focal point of the open kitchen: Sandro Gamba, who made his reputation at L'Espresso in Washington, D.C.

Gamba practices a subtle art as a city too often dazzled by culinary gimmickry and ostentatious presentations. He cooks unassuming shellfish in coconut milk, then spikes it with a touch of lime. Very ripe tomatoes and a touch of chili add spark to his Thai-inspired beef salad, and he does his cuisine with microscope cheese, wild mushrooms, and a little porcini for a creamy, earthy, silky delight. I can truly say I've never had better corn bread, served here with a mushroom galette and some garlic confit—a lesson in restraint his Chicago colleagues would do well to emulate, if not outright steal. It's in the desserts that Gamba goes a little heavy, but that's okay too. His dome of cosmic chocolate with "fruit of the forest gel" or hazelnut soufflé and marinated pineapple is whimsy that's just fully indulged.

I ate at Melique (184 Hudson Street, New York, 212-425-5900) on the most bone-chilling night of the winter, hunkering through the door of the swarming restaurant with my eyelids nearly frozen shut. Yet a few fringes on chef Lucie Beller's magenta, warming food and drinking a subtle dose of rye and Pedro Ximenes sherry (yep, maybe more than a little dose), I found the brutal cold outside in the belief that winter could not harm me. I had died well.

Melique, which in Galicia for "savoriness," represents a magical first successful translation in America of modern Spanish cuisine, with echoes of the chef's own Basque culinary traditions and of the transatlantic restaurant El Bulli in Roses, Spain. What David Bouley is doing in New York for Austrian food at Dornbach and Oetters. Pads for Italian food at San Domenico, Bullo is doing for Spanish. When you go to Melique, expect to be forced to choose from a blend of savory and sweeten sets with Iberian chorizo, grilled salt cod with yubenne popcorn and pick-pick sauce of cress and olive oil, ash-crusted red snapper with rumen or pine nuts and paprika oil, and almond-crusted chocolate croquettes in a coconut foam. Chef Bullo, there's no rule against ordering one of each. **B**



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Acid Indigestion

• **Rolling Stones**
The Rolling Stones are back in the studio. The band's new album, *100th Anniversary*, is set to be released in 2011.

Worst New Dish

• **Worst New Dish**
The worst new dish is the one that is not new.

John Marshall Online

• **John Marshall**
John Marshall is a famous American lawyer and statesman. He is known for his role in the case of *Marbury v. Madison*, which established the principle of judicial review.

Guilty

[Continued from page 11] Foreign Intelligence Advisory Board) around the idea of "the worst security record an agency that the members of this panel have ever encountered." Among a litany of criticisms, the board's report cited a "lack serious management reporting system that left everyone but to responsible authority" in the end, the board's assessment: "Reorganization is clearly warranted."

Many U.S. employers agree, saying that the firm's own autonomy has led to compromise security breaches. In the course of preparing this story I spoke with several employees of the X division who admitted to the same reluctance as Wm. He. Some admitted downloading even more information than they had before confined to publicly identifying Wm. "A lot of people including me, have decided classified info," says Chris Mervill, who worked at the X division with Wm. He. Lee and 1998. "In my whole career, you don't really value security. People at Los Alamos view classification as an inconvenience, not a security. Security is a joke. Wm. He just didn't feel he had to share what he knew to top

When his husband was home, Sylvia Lee drank soy milk nearly every day because Wai made a fresh, thick milk every day. When he found everything, he would wash the beans in a pot for hours, until they were swollen and soft, then he would skin every the flowers and draw the rest through a screen, adding purple right, much of water, so it came out thick and smooth, with a translucent light.

That's how Sylvia's husband was: intensely precise, but worth it. He spent his evenings and weekends in the garden, crouching over his snow peas and asparagus, and as he stooped there in his T-shirt and his floppy hat, he would envision the meal he would make from scratch. Sylvia and the children called the Win Box was truck in the past, with hot tears for Michael and Dimple, with his diseases for macroweeds and power macaws, but the old traditions were a part of Mrs. ashe, he was a part of them.

[illegible]

watched her weeks and months, hoping he will find a way home. Watching as the mail carrier twirls through the route, through the windows, to the sidewalk, over the open lot, passing the windows of the angry desert silence to the garden, silence on the patio, silence even throughout the house, on the red tile hallway strewn with flip-flops. Her husband's and her children's shoes hang there, all empty all waiting with Sylvia Lee, waiting for her husband to come home.

The last time Yelkin saw him free, she was younger inside. Those times he had been up the block, there began a new division, with power centers winning the judge that Yelkin's husband posed an imminent threat to the nation, that he could not be released, not even for one day, not even under FBI surveillance.

And then, suddenly, those same prosecutors offered her husband a deal: If he would plead guilty to a crime as a far less troubling felon, he would be set free right away. Al has called her brother, Ching, to share the news, and they asked each other, "Is this a good thing?" but neither was sure. They had always insisted to supporters that their is their would-be brother's dream.

But Sylvia, she didn't care anymore what happened to the women. She would stay in jail and fight for acquittal no matter how long it took. He would have to choose. But she was worried for him, and worried for himself, and especially worried for Alberto, who was speering toward a nervous breakdown, talking now about changing his life.

her nerves, dining with her children as the courtroom came to order. Her husband stood before the judge in his gray coat and white shirt, in business as, looking tired. "May" the judge said. "I understand the parties have finally reached a(n) agreement."

"That is correct," said the prosecutor.

"Yes," said Lee's attorney.

The judge turned to 10-year-old husband.

"I need to advise you, Mr. Lee, that citizens who are convicted of felony crimes lose rights of citizenship. Those include the right

to hold public office, the right to serve on a jury (the right to possess a weapon, and the right to vote. You will be giving up your right to post a bulletin that would express your opinion on what was done to you. Do you understand these rights?

The judge seemed less interested in Lee's statement "I've turned a headship in this case," he said. "I think that as a trial you would be extremely effective. Knowing all that you know, it's still your considered judgment that it is in [Lee's] interest to suppress with certain exceptions."

"Yes," said Lee's attorney.
"At this time, I will ask Dr. Lee, have the pain passed, no?"
And the courtroom, seated in anticipation of that word, but silent, there was a breath.
"Geeze," said When We See Lee, it

Clinton

Continued from page 100 like keyboard-to-keyboard, High scores and maps, and the new ship unit of hours playing 3-D Scramble. It's a colorful and visible of course, its 3-D you can make words in three dimensions and get points for all of these words, and it takes a certain hand-offness to think up stuff about how things like words. Sometimes they put their letters and play together against some invisible high-scoring player.

There are lonely nights when it must feel as if he lives in a haunted house. His wife is in the dock of his boat, who was shot dead in Dallas. He is surrounded by the haunts and phantasms of many of the men who've sat in this pale-yellow room called the Oval. Some, as even moments, made courtroom decisions.

It's true: He had wanted her. She was as lively as when he'd met her, and when she lifted up her jacket to show her underwear, he had wanted her. And she had wanted him. And they ended up with each other. That was the rock-bottom truth. The cable drama

of his job had exposed human love-out-of-time, as a kind of god-and, yet, he loved. That—rather than as a man with opinions and desires. And yet he gave to. And when confronted he lied. He lied to his wife and his friends and his staff and to the people who elected him. It infuriates him even now that the world knows the story at all. He had felt victimized and he did the unthinkable, the exact opposite of what his mother had taught

When the independent counsel released his 445-page report, it boiled with salacious details, including the intimate moments of

man—yes, the man, but seemingly someone else—who was caught wondering about about

his home with his wife. What was this man, anyway? And who were those haunting him? Everything suddenly turned surreal. Thomson, who had woken each morning hoping to do good, now found his inner demons on show for the world. His staff divided between conversations about plague and social security assessments and widows. The appointment was ending for his resignation. Lights at his house burned all night. Aches and pains returned. His

during Whitepages, noticed how almost every day that big-nosed president had mentioned the word Whitepages in some new demerol. They told the masses to translate the term as his enemies in the past; he was feeling, but rather to tell the American people that he was going about the full time business of America. So what, you're saying, the man said something like that, and you're taking it to heart?

He had read the book once, *Darkness at Noon*, about a revolutionary named Rubashov who had been imprisoned and psychologically tor-

ruined by the party on which he'd dedicated his life, would he confess to things he had not done. The man told a friend he felt like

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this way out

The Angina Monologues

By Bob Morris



Angina. There it's been said Angina

It's an ugly word, a little too used, especially in a world where thirty is old, forty forbidden, and fifty is forever. Angina. What is it? It's a chest pain caused when an artery is a little blocked. What triggers it? Stress, excess, sex, extreme heat, stress. What does it mean? It means there's a problem. It means you better watch it, you're near Angina. It can cause anxiety, despair, disappointment. Not even in that age of competitive self-expression, nobody wants to have a meaningful dialogue about it because it isn't dramatic or life threatening. It is a disease confused with hunger, gas, the affliction of the accountant, not the athlete, an embarrassment like hemorrhoids or male pattern baldness. The terrible dysfunction of the heart.

What follows are some life stories told by older males who have chosen to give their angina a context of other angina in order to release the shame, awkward, and fear.

1 One day my wife got acute Viagra from a friend. After getting used to the color blindness, I started looking blind, and she looked better to me than she had in years. "More," she was telling me, "it's a miracle." We went out to the restaurant. There she got bored. "More, get off me," she said as she picked up the phone to order some Chinese. "You need and it's hot and we're not married!" But I didn't want to stop, and we started to wrestle. That's

when the pain began. It didn't last long, but it gave me a scare. A month later, she got more Viagra and wants to do it again. If I tell her about the episode, she'll panic and put me on a fat-free diet. I can live without sex, but not without partners.

2. The workshop was my sixth idea. He called me. Angina because I like racism, and says I'm out of touch with my feelings and that we have awkward times. Our group was twelve men. We drew pictures of our anger. We recited our internal speech and made doing poetry. We were asked, "If your penis could speak, what would it say?" The angina struck when we were in the sweat lodge, discussing the personal power, and I had to remove my. My penis thinks and excuse myself. My penis does not speak, but if it did, it would say it's pissed off, with no pain intended.

3. It happened on my sixtieth birthday, when seventy-five people jumped out and screamed, "Surprise!"

It happened in the Hampton while I was trying to make a left turn.

It happened in the hospital when my fourth wife gave birth to triplets.

It happened while I was trying to get a table at Paris.

4. No, I don't think I can tell you what my angina sounds like. That would be like talking an orgasm. But I can tell you what orgasm is. I'm a personal old-school narrative in a world of twenty-two-year-old

s-people. Anxiety grips my heart daily. I trade my old economy stocks for new-economy ones, then the Nasdaq plunges. I go to the movies and it's Indiana in John Mellencamp's house. The nation has become a novel/novel. Monica Lewinsky handles. Ted Duddy's every parties. Barbara Walters in an interview in depth. TV and Dan Brown's tellings about her private past off Broadway. I'm scared to get dressed for work and scared to open my mouth at meetings. All I hear comes the pain. Oh, ooooooh, aaaaaah, Mmmmm. Please. That was intense. Was I good for you?

5. I was in New York for a church conference, and I was giving a lecture with something that I thought was called The Virgin Angina Monologues—right up my alley, since I'm a fourth-generation Virginian. When I got onto the theater, it was all women. One looked me up and down and said she didn't know men were allowed New York. When I started, I realized my mistake. My cheeks got red and my chest got tight, and I quickly had the attack while trapped in the middle of the second row. Then, as the pain subsided, my lay fever flared up, and I started sweating so violently that I interrupted the speaker's narrative monologue, and the screen stopped moving and asked me to leave the theater. There is a time to every purpose under heaven, even before stroke, I guess. ■

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